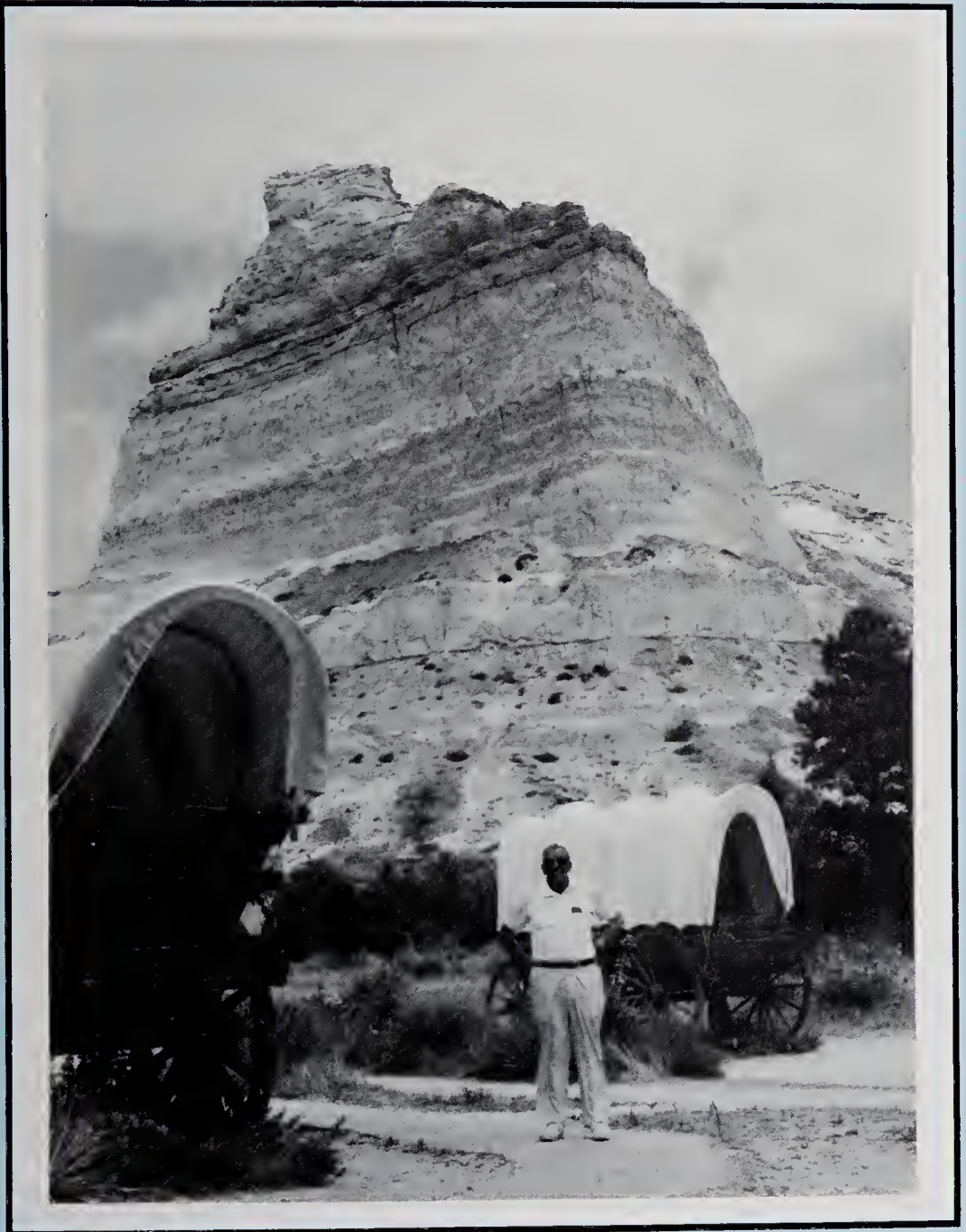


CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 13, No. 1 – Winter, 1992



Covered wagons carrying pioneers to Clatsop County, a hundred and fifty years ago, rolled over this eastern Wyoming landscape, helping to carve out the ruts where Sam and Dorothy Churchill are standing in this photo. Dorothy's journal records her thoughts on the day of their visit, August 2, 1989:

"There must have been a bunk house full of road workers or somebody that had to be at work about 6 a.m., because about 4, the place was a bee-hive. But Sam felt better, and we decided we could do some more exploring. Probably, one of the chief highlights of the Oregon Trail side of this trip was 2 miles out of Guernsey. The RUTS. We drove to the parking lot, and walked a short trail up a gentle hill, and there, thousands of covered wagons and carts drawn by oxen, horses, or mules carved their mark deep in the Wyoming sandstone. They are about 3 or 4 feet deep, and we climbed down in them and a kind tourist took our picture playing pioneer. We both felt the place was legitimate, and it gave us a tremendous feeling of respect for our fore-fathers."

Several photographs taken by Sam and Dorothy Churchill illustrate this special issue of *Cumtux* which commemorates the 150th anniversary of the opening of the Oregon Trail to covered wagons in 1843. Memoirs of two people who made the journey in 1847 and 1852 are presented in this issue along with stories about other early immigrants to Clatsop County.

Note: *From Mourning to Morning* is the title of a wonderful new book written by Dorothy Churchill. Her husband, Sam Churchill, who passed away December 28, 1991, was the author of two of Clatsop County's most popular books, *Big Sam* and *Don't Call Me Ma*.

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CUMTUX

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

QUARTERLY Vol. 13, No. 1 – Winter, 1992

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*CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know . . . acknowledge . . . to inform."*

View of Astoria ca. 1855



CCHS Photo #4471-906

Above the Leonard and Green Store can be seen the street now known as Exchange, whose west end appears to stop at the edge of the bay (now 14th Street); the road then skirted the bay heading southwest. This bend in Exchange is seen today between 12th and 14th Streets. By 1880 a network of roadways on pilings crossed the bay and in another two decades much of the bay was filled in with ballast carried in by ships and from fill carved out of the hills around Astoria. Low areas remain today near the Labor Temple and the Peace Lutheran Church's parking lot, reminding us that this area was part of the Columbia River. The photo shows the Methodist Church, the first church built in Astoria, on what is now the northwest corner of 15th and Franklin. Other houses seen above belonged to John M. Shively, Capt. Phillip Johnson, John Welch, David Ingalls, and Alfred Crosby. At bottom right of the photo, near what is now 9th and Astor Streets, is the Shark House, built in 1846 to house the survivors of the shipwreck of the U.S. Schooner Shark. The Leonard and Green store was built by Major Jacob S. Rinearson, and S.M. Hensill about 1850 and was torn down in 1876. Herman C. Leonard and John Green and later their brothers, Washington Irving Leonard and Henry D. Green, operated the store, then moved on to Portland where they made their fortunes in gas and water utilities. A copy of H.C. Leonard's 1850 journal is at the Astoria Public Library.

Memoirs of Samuel T. McKean

Some months since, I was visiting a friend and during the conversation some incidents regarding the early times of Astoria happened to be mentioned. After talking along in a casual way, my friend asked me why I did not write up the history of the place, as I had come here among the first settlers and lived here a good portion of the time. After considering the matter, I concluded to make the attempt to describe in a plain way our coming here, what the place was like when we first saw it, and follow its history down.

I will begin by giving a few facts concerning my family before coming to this county. My father was born on Long Island, N.Y. in 1796, married in western New York when about 22 years of age, and emigrated to Ohio at an early day. My ancestors on father's side came to this country from the north of Ireland but were originally Scotch, as the name indicates. My mother's family name was Hicks. Her father was from Wales and in early life followed the sea, but gave up that and settled in Delaware County, New York where some of the family still reside.

After about [blank] years residence in Ohio, my parents removed to Illinois and were among the early pioneers of that state. My father laid out the town of Chillicothe in Peoria County, but afterwards moved on to a farm about 15 miles from Peoria. There I was born July 14, 1840. I was given my father's name in full--Samuel Terry McKean. My early life was uneventful, in fact, I might say the same of my life up to

date. I will remark here, however, that I am the youngest of the family, and at the time of my arrival I had two brothers, one Ira Hicks married, and the other Ambrose Bronson about 15 years old, and three sisters, Margaret, the eldest, Eliza Jane about seven, and Clara A. about four years of age. The family lived in Illinois twelve years, and at the time we left there, was in very comfortable circumstances for the times and country.

But there came rumors of a wonderful country called Oregon, where anyone could get all the land he wanted for the taking, where there were no long, cold winters, where fever and ague did not exist; in short, where the country, climate and all was as near perfection as could be. "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," and it was such men as my father that made it thus. The pioneer instinct, or whatever you may call it, again took possession of him, and he made up his mind to sell everything he could not take along, and move to Oregon. It may not be a very strange thing of one man to do when so many others did likewise and yet to see a man comfortably fixed, over fifty years of age, with a large family, deliberately pull up stakes and starting for an almost unknown country two thousand miles distant over an unknown road, to encounter unknown difficulties, traverse trackless and arid plains, over almost impassable mountain ranges, through nations of savages, who though peaceable at times, are like a keg of powder; all they

want is a small match of provocation to make them explode and destroy everything within their reach--is a question that I have never been able to answer satisfactorily to myself. But thousands did the same thing and thus Oregon finds itself today a state well advanced in all that goes to make up a civilized and prosperous community.

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

We left Illinois in the spring of '47. Our outfit consisted of four large wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. One was for father and mother and the young children, one for each of my married brothers, and one was loaded with provisions and sundries and was driven by an adopted son of my father's named Coe. We had also several cows, young cattle and horses. As I did not keep any diary of the journey, being then about seven years of age, I can not, of course, give a detailed account of the trip. Nor do I think any written account could do justice to a trip across the plains in those days. To travel from Illinois to Oregon consumed about seven months time. We had many difficulties to overcome, many narrow escapes from flood and storm, and hostile bands of Indians. Sometimes we suffered from want of water and sometimes from having too much of it. I remember we encamped one night by a small stream where everything seemed favorable for a good night's rest for man and beast. We drove the cattle across the stream, pitched the tents and prepared supper. While we were in doing justice to the meal (we had caught a nice lot of fish in the stream), a storm suddenly arose, the winds blew, the rain descended, the lightning flashed, the tents were blown down. We did not finish our supper; we took to the wagons and gazed out upon the warring elements in awe. The next morning everything was lovely again, but the cattle had to swim in order to get on our side of the stream.

In order to be better prepared to protect themselves against the Indians, the emigrants usually traveled in large companies; sometimes the train of wagons would extend over the plains as far as the eye could reach in either direction. We often heard of people being massacred, and sometimes passed the places where the depredations had been committed, but I am glad to say we did not have any of the horrible experiences in our own company, although we had one or two very narrow escapes.

My father did not believe in trying to rush through too fast, and would occasionally lie over a day when we came to a favorable place, in order to give the cattle, and also the rest of us, a chance to recuperate. In that way we could get separated from the train and travel for days by ourselves. On one occasion we were traveling along in that way when we encountered a band of mounted braves on an expedition against a neighboring tribe. Some of them rode up to our lead team, drew their bows and ordered it to stop, which we immediately proceeded to do by turning the wagons out on the road and forming a circle. Many thought our time had come, but there was no particular excitement or show of fear. Even the women displayed a spirit of bravery worthy of the wives and daughters of pioneers. Young as I was, I can remember with what a lot of determination and nonchalance the men took down their rifles and prepared to defend themselves if necessary. The hills seemed to be covered with savage looking men mounted on horses, almost completely nude, with large bows and quivers filled with arrows slung over their shoulders. I think there were about five hundred of them. The chief, however, was a man of some intelligence who could talk tolerably fair English and did not seem particularly anxious to slaughter us, but many of the Indians did not relish the

idea of missing so good an opportunity for indulging in their favorite amusement. They gathered around the wagons demanding food and presents. The women made as meager a display of food as possible. We told them we were going on a long journey and could not spare much. We gave them some biscuits and trinkets, but some of them were disposed to help themselves, but were induced to stop by the determined attitude of the men, and by the friendly interference of their chief. What seemed to pacify them more than anything was the distribution of common salt among them. One of our men got on a horse and with a sack full of it, rode among them giving to as many as he could a handful or two, after which they went on their way, much to our relief.

DANGERS ENCOUNTERED

The journey across the plains in those days was no pleasure excursion. The suffering from sickness and unavoidable causes was great, but there was also much suffering through bad management and not being well prepared for the trip. Many started with inferior teams and an insufficient quantity of provisions. Many tried to rush through faster than their teams could stand, only to break down and get into all kinds of trouble.

We had very little sickness in our family and no deaths, but the numerous little graves by the wayside told us that all had not been so fortunate. The trials and hardships of the trip brought out the good and bad qualities of men to a wonderful degree. You would know a man better after traveling with him on the road a week than you could by living neighbor to him for years.

Many women and children walked nearly all the way on account of their teams being too heavily loaded. I did not, at the time, realize that there was anything very bad about it. I rather enjoyed the trip for the most part. I rode in the wagons as much as I wanted to,

walked when I preferred, and sometimes rode horseback. Some of the women who could ride horseback and assisted in driving the loose stock.

At night we always formed a circle of the wagons and camped inside of it, having guards stationed at regular intervals. The vast herds of buffalo which ranged over the plains kept the feed pretty short in many places, but occasionally we would strike an extra good place and give the cattle a chance to fill up.

CIVILIZATION REACHED

It was, I think, about the last of October when we reached The Dalles. The mere sight of anything that approached civilization after the long journey afforded more pleasure than one can imagine who has not had similar experience. To actually sit down in a comfortable chair in a house, to see a fireplace or stove, and the ordinary comforts of a home seemed the height of luxury. I anticipate, however, as we had not yet found anything that indicated much civilization.

We left all our cattle and wagons at The Dalles and came on down the Columbia in batteaux. All our things had to be carried across the portage at the Cascades, but the boats were run over the rapids and reloaded on the lower side. We finally reached Vancouver, which was the principal Hudson Bay Company Station of this country. Here we remained a few days to recuperate and then came on down to the Willamette and up that river to Oregon City, or rather Linn City, opposite. If there was any Portland in existence at that time, I do not remember seeing it. It must have been very small indeed. There were two or three log houses about three miles below Portland at a place called Linnton, if I remember right. We remained at Linn City during the winter. The season was very mild and we thought the stories we had heard of this

far West Country, instead of being exaggerated, had not done justice to it.

In the spring of '48 we removed to the place above mentioned, Linnton, where we remained until September. About the time we came to this last place, I took the measles or rather they took me and as I also took cold about the same time, they came very near taking me for good. My folks thought at one time that I would not get well. When I did finally recover, my eyes were so weak that I could not bear the light, and it was a year or more before they became strong enough to read or study much.

Linnton was not a very brisk kind of a place. The principal industry, so far as I can remember, was fighting mosquitoes. In fact, there seemed to be an irrepressible conflict going on between them and the few unhappy inhabitants of that otherwise peaceful little village. The mosquitoes being the most numerous, energetic and persistent, and also better armed and equipped and thoroughly organized, usually came off victorious. The victory on their side was so complete that the human inhabitants, men, women, and children, would retreat at nightfall to large open crafts, called flatboats, which they would anchor in the middle of the stream, and pass the night. In that way, they would be enabled to get a little rest and recruit their strength for the next day's conflict. Thus we passed the better part of the summer without accomplishing anything worthy of note.

JOHN MCCLURE

Early in the summer, however, while I was yet in bed with the measles, a man named John McClure, who had taken up a "claim" adjoining and just west of the old town of Astoria, came along our way and I remember hearing him talk to father about Astoria and the country around the mouth of the great Columbia River. Father was favorably impressed with the description he gave,

and soon after made a trip down the river in an Indian canoe. He visited Astoria where he met Mr. J.M. Shively and also Mr. James Welch, two of the earliest American settlers at Astoria, I believe, since the times of John Jacob Astor. Shively came here, I think, in '46 and located on the original Astor site. [Shively arrived in Astoria in January 1844, was forced to return east and came back to Astoria in 1847.] Welch came soon after and Shively left him in charge of the premises while he went back to Virginia for the purpose of taking to himself a wife with whom to share his good fortunes. Shively, Welch, and McClure, all had high notions in regard to the future of Astoria. They felt assured that there would, at no very distant day, be a large commercial city somewhere near the mouth of the Columbia River, and this being the most eligible point, they doubted not it would be the place. Portland had not then loomed up as a mighty rival, and the short-sighted proprietors asked almost as much for corner lots, although there were not fifty white men in the place, as they could realize for the same property twenty years afterwards.

While father was here the first time, he took up a claim on the Washington Territory side of the river, a little above Astoria at a point then called the Yellow Banks, but now known as Harrington Point. Circumstances afterwards caused Father to change his plans and I believe none of the rest of the family ever put foot on the place.

It was in September '48 that we embarked with all our household goods and property, except the cattle and wagons left at The Dalles, in a large queer kind of a craft, the Calapooia, built like a scow and rigged as a schooner, decked over forward and aft and open amidships. She was commanded by a man of the African persuasion called "Nigger Sol," an odd

character who felt the dignity of this position as captain of so fine a craft. He was good natured, however, and we got along very well. We were just eight days making the voyage to Astoria. [James de Saul, known also as Black Saul, arrived in the area on board the U.S. Sloop of War Peacock in 1841; he had signed on that ship at Callao, Peru, as a part of the galley crew. When the ship wrecked on a sandspit at the mouth of the Columbia River, he deserted, later becoming a participant in many notable incidents along the river.]

We generally tied up to the bank or anchored when the tide was flooding, and worked our way along when it was favorable. My brothers had made a trip to The Dalles and brought a few head of cattle over the Cascade Mountains so we brought two or three pair of oxen and a few cows down with us.

ASTORIA IN 1848

I wish I would give an accurate description of Astoria as it appeared to us on that September morning when we awoke and found the Calapooia lying on the mud flats in the bay, very near where the Pythian Castle now stands. [The Pythian Castle was on the south side of Commercial between 11th and 12th in 1890.] I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was awake and took a look around. There seemed to be nothing but forests and hills on the one side and water on the other. Upon closer inspection, however, I found that was not all there was to be seen. Looking to the eastward, there was an open grass-covered tract where there were four or five small buildings. These houses were occupied by some of the Hudson Bay Company people, one as a store, others as dwellings, etc., and were situated just south of where St. Mary's Hospital now stands. [It was on the block between 15th and 16th and Duane and Exchange.] A little nearer the hills, looking about southeast, I discovered another little green spot like an oasis in

the desert of forests, upon which stood a house of very good size, but plain in appearance, which we soon learned was the residence of Mr. James Welch, one half of which we were to occupy according to arrangements previously made. The house stood just west of the fine residence recently erected by Mrs. Welch, widow of James Welch. [Mrs. Welch's home was on the southwest corner of 15th and Franklin.] It has long since ceased to exist as a house, but the residence of Mr. Shively, a short distance to the north and east of Welch's, still stands a venerable landmark of the early days. [It no longer stands, but a monument marks the spot on the east side of 15th between Exchange and Franklin.]

In the foreground, looking in the same direction, was a little cluster of Indian shanties, ranging from the water's edge up the side of the hill, near where the Ferrell saw mill since stood [about 13th and Duane]. Immediately south of us and close to the beach was a little log house in a clearing which we ascertained was the residence and headquarters of Mr. McClure, Colonel McClure, as he was called, and it was about all there was of McClure's Astoria, so far as buildings were concerned. He had a garden and small orchard of apple trees stretching west from the house which made the place look inviting and home-like, if not city-like. The same premises are now owned and occupied by Mr. L. Kirchhoff and family, but the old cabin has been replaced by a modern and more comfortable edifice. [Kirchhoff's house still stands on the northwest corner of 12th and Franklin.] There were two or three small buildings west of McClure's, and a cabin or shanty on what was called Shark's Point, where the Parker House now stands. [The Parker House was on the northwest corner of 9th and Astor.] A small vessel named the Shark had a short time before been wrecked on the Columbia River Bar, the crew of

which had occupied the little house for a time. Hence the name given to the point. In mentioning the names of those who lived in Astoria at the time of our arrival, I must not omit that of Mr. David Ingalls, who lived with his family near the Shively place towards the river. The house which was a very comfortable one for the time, stood there until about four years ago, when it gave place to a more pretentious building. Ingalls afterwards put up a building on the corner of Jefferson and Cass streets [10th and Duane-possibly on the site of the U.S. Bank building] where he lived and dealt in general merchandise. He made some money, but after a while, met with some losses and quit merchandising. He died a few years ago in very moderate circumstances. [Mary Columbia, daughter of David Ingalls, was the first white child born in Astoria, in January 1848.]

Only one of my brothers came down with us, Bronson. Ira, the eldest of the family, went to the Tualatin plains for a time. He came down a year to two later and settled on the place now owned by Mr. Nurnburg at the junction of Walluski and Youngs Rivers.

About this time the news of the discovery of gold in California began to spread even to this remote region. Everybody got excited, of course. What was the use of staying here and being poor all their lives when they could go and help themselves to all the gold they wanted and return here and live in comfort all the rest of their days! Or maybe take a trip back to the "States" or indulge in any other luxury they chose. Mr. Welch and my brother, with many others, decided to go and try their fortunes. They engaged passage on the brig Henry, which had brought merchandise into the river and was about to sail for San Francisco. My father, too aged to go himself, was left to take care of about four families, which was no very easy matter,

especially as the winter proved to be a very severe one for this country, the snow covering the ground some two feet deep for six or eight weeks. Altogether it was rather a gloomy time. There was considerable sickness, and one or two deaths, though not in our family. We did not fare very sumptuously either, although we managed to get enough to eat, salt salmon and potatoes being the main articles of diet. Salmon were very plentiful and cheap, but were only taken in the spring and early summer (as at the present time). The great fishing place was at Chinook, a small settlement and Indian village on the Washington Territory side, a little west of north from Astoria. This was the seat of the tribe of Chinooks, once the most powerful of any in this vicinity, one of whose chiefs, named Concomly, is mentioned in Irving's Astoria. I might mention also that Col. McClure was, at the time we came, living with an Indian woman whom he afterwards married, who was a direct descendant of the chief, Concomly.

The salmon, as I said, were mostly taken at Chinook. The only mode was seining. The gill net was not invented until canneries were established.

The fishing was done by the Indians and half-breeds, and Chinook beach presented a lively and exciting scene during the season. The seine was put into a skiff, one end fastened or held to the shore, when the skiff would make a semicircle, coming to the shore a few rods below; when nearly hauled in and the salmon darting and plunging in every direction, the natives would rush in and kill them with short, heavy clubs. The work was carried on with much noise and hilarity, the Canadian French and half-breeds out-doing the natives in that respect. In later days there was a vast amount of poor whiskey consumed on these occasions, which caused much quarreling and several murders, besides killing many of them slowly who

escaped sudden death.

CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH

The greater number of those who went to California came straggling back during the ensuing summer and fall, some with a little money and some with none. Most of them had struck rich diggings one time or another but something always occurred to prevent them from getting away with any large amount of gold. Sometimes it was sickness, but oftener it was a disposition to wander around leaving good diggings in hopes of finding better. Although there was not as much dust brought back as was desirable, I think the miners came home with a new supply of energy and enlarged ideas. The gold mines worked a wonderful change in people generally. Things were viewed from a different standpoint altogether. Many returned to try their luck again, while those who did not, went to work raising potatoes, apples, or making lumber to ship to the country of gold. The general opinion in regard to California was that the country was utterly worthless for any purpose excepting mining, and for grazing a few head of cattle, and as people were flocking into California from every direction, they rightly judged that there would be a good market there for anything which could be produced here. Although greatly mistaken in their estimate of California, they were not mistaken in there being an excellent market there for the time being for all kinds of produce. In fact, it was a long time before California was able to supply herself with many articles of common use, and apples especially were sent there by ship loads many years after the discovery of gold. Lumber commanded a very high price in San Francisco and during the next few years several mills were put up in the neighborhood of Astoria. One of the first was on Lewis and Clark river at the head of tide water, built by a Mr. Herald

[Isaac Harrell], but afterward operated by Messrs. H.B. and W.W. Parker. This was run by water power. [It was near the present location of Burkhart's farm.] Mr. [R. M.] Moore, sometime after, built a steam saw mill lower down on the same river at the spot now known as Fort Clatsop. These mills made work for quite a number of persons both directly and indirectly. People took up claims along the river and there was for several years quite a prosperous settlement in that portion of the county. Very few of those who first located there remained permanently, however, and ten or twelve years after the first mill was erected, the river was almost deserted. There is one exception, however, and that is the Jeffers place near the mouth of the river where Mr. Joseph Jeffers settled with his family and which is still the home of his son, E.C. Jeffers.

There was also a mill at Tongue Point built by [Henry] Marlin and later on one at the upper town [Rufus Warner's] and one on Youngs River, near what is now Williamsport [Aiken and Flavel's.] Although few if any, of those who went into the lumber business made any money, still the mills aided very materially in giving the town a start and in settling up the adjacent country. They not only gave employment to a considerable number of people, but they also caused a good many coasting vessels to come into the river which, of course, tended to make the place more lively.

THE ADAIR FAMILY

In April 1849 Gen. John Adair, who had been appointed first Collector of the Port, under President Polk's administration, arrived with his family. This was quite an acquisition to the little community as there were three grown daughters, one boy about my age, and two younger children. They lived for a time with us in the Welch house, but afterwards occupied



CCHS #5076-00A

General John Adair and his family in 1886

Front row: Wm. H. Jordan, Jr., Laura P. Adair (later married Bishop Wm. M. Barker of Wn.), holding W. Morris Adair, Mrs. Mary Ann Adair and husband General John Adair, Mrs. Samuel D. Adair (daughter of Bishop Morris of Episcopal Church of Oregon), and Henry Rodney Adair.

Second row: Colonel Wm. H. Jordan and wife (daughter of John Adair) holding David J. Jordan, Hannah Adair (now Mrs. L. R. Rogers), Laura Jordan (now Mrs. C. D. Lewis), Henrietta Welcker and lower Sam D. Jordan.

Third row: Wm. B. Adair, Mrs. Wm. T. Welcker (daughter of John Adair), Betty Jordan (dark dress), Ella Jordan, Julia Jordan.

Top row: Katie Welcker (later married H. G. Wilson), Mary Ann Jordan, (later married Major H. F. Kendall).

McClure's house.

The establishment of a Custom House at this place was of itself an important event and might have aided very much in the growth and prosperity of the town, but as matters turned out, it was for some time rather a drawback than otherwise, for Adair, after vainly endeavoring to come to some arrangement in regard to a site for a Custom House building and location for

himself, laid out another town just east of Shively's and removed the Custom House to that place which he named Astoria, calling this Fort George, the name by which it was known during the British Occupancy. This, of course, created a rivalry between the two places which injured the original Astoria greatly and the new Astoria, although it enjoyed a season of partial prosperity through government patronage, etc.,

soon collapsed, and became as dull and quiet almost as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The place has revived again within the last few years through the salmon canning business, but I consider it was a very unfortunate thing for the place that he did not remain here and all work together for the general good.

*Copied Feb. 7, 1922 by
Helen Stossmeister*

The author, Samuel Terry McKean II, was born in Chillicothe, Peoria Co., Illinois on July 14, 1840. He married

Mary Jane Smith on July 14, 1868 at Astoria, Oregon. The couple first lived in Southern California, then returned to Astoria. They had six children: William Hustler; Catherine May who married Alfred Sheppard Tee; Clara Winifred who married Frank Murray Gunn; Eliza Polly who married Harry Bell; Samuel Terry III who married Claribel Battee, and Arthur Flavel who married Irene Morgan. S.T. McKean II worked for Capt. G. Flavel for thirty-five years as manager of his shipping and pilotage interests. He was a member of the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society. Samuel T. McKean died Oct. 24, 1900, at Astoria. ♦

Early Clatsop County Settlers

Stories about the Oregon Trail journeys of other Clatsop County residents have been printed in previous issues of *Cumtux*. These are available for purchase at CCHS. These include: the Van Dusen and Gearhart families, Vol. 3, No. 1; the Boellings, Vol. 7, No. 1 and Vol. 11, No. 3; the Warrens, Vol. 8, No. 1; the Grays, Vol. 10, No. 4; and the Hobsons, Vol. 12, No. 1.

See also the following located at the Astoria Public Library: *Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences*, by Bethenia Owens-Adair, which contains the stories of many Clatsop County families. Also, Mary Riddle's diary of her overland journey, transcribed by Vera Gault. And the Oregon Historical Quarterlies containing the diary of Rebecca Ketchum and the memoirs of John Shively (Vols. 62 and 81).

Clatsop County's 1843 pioneers to the Oregon Country included Ninian Eberman, Samuel Gardiner, Samuel B. Hall, the Hobsons, John McClure, Thomas Owens, John M. Shively, Samuel C. (Tickey) Smith, George Summers, Jeremiah Tuller, Henry Hunt,

Ben Woods, and others who were here briefly. When they arrived in the Oregon Country, they found not only local Indians, but Indians who had journeyed here almost as far as the whites had, Cherokee, Red River and others. They found people who arrived by ship or trudged overland using pack animals to haul their supplies: the Hawaiians (Kanakas), French-Canadians, English, and Scottish fur traders, American missionaries, members of exploring parties such as the Peoria Party, and other settlers. The names and arrival dates of the some of the early immigrants to the Oregon Country, who settled in Clatsop County (then or later) were: James Birnie 1820, Alexander Lattie 1831, Solomon H. Smith 1832, Calvin Tibbits 1832, Elbridge Trask 1833, John McLean 1834, William H. Gray 1836, Cyrus Olney 1839, Robert Shortess 1839, Josiah L. Parrish 1840, Joseph H. Frost 1840, Lewis H. Judson 1840, W.W. & Almira Raymond 1840, Albert E. Wilson 1842, and the Wm. Perry's 1842.

The First McEwans of Clatsop Plains

by Patricia Foley

The first known McEwan was Ewan of Otter #1 who lived in 1200 A.D. in Ireland. In 1432 Swene of Otter #9 granted the last lands of the McEwan Clan to Duncan Campbell and resigned the barony of Otter to James I. The McEwans then became a "broken" clan--landless and homeless. The clan dispersed into many counties throughout Scotland. They had no "homelands" to pass from generation to generation.

Perhaps this lack of land was the driving force behind a young Ewan Owen McEwan to seek his fortunes in the New World. In 1778, he set sail for America to do service with his 82nd British regiment in the Revolutionary War. He was in the service for five years and was among the troops surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown to the American and French forces on October 19, 1781. In 1783, he sailed from New York to Halifax, Nova Scotia where the regiment promptly disbanded.

As a reward for his military services, each officer and enlisted man of the 82nd Regiment was granted land in Pictou County of Nova Scotia, in the area of Merigomish, or a "free" trip back to Scotland. Owen McEwan chose the land and received a grant of a one-hundred acre farm. Within a year, he married a Miss McCabe. Owen and his wife had at least eight children born in Pictou.

It is generally assumed they were strong Presbyterians. Owen's father-in-law, James McCabe, came to Nova Scotia under the Philadelphia Grant. It stipulated land being granted only to Protestants.(3) James McCabe was a Catholic from Belfast, Ireland. Apparently he was not a strict Roman Catholic; he had little regard for their fasts and Lent. He attended the Presbyterian Church with his wife, but never became a convert. In order to obtain the land, he had to overcome the stringent requirements of the religion. He acquired the first town lot, the pick of the farm lots and an extra lot of each kind--all in his Presbyterian wife's name. It is believed that he agreed to raise his children in the Presbyterian faith.

Most Scottish emigrants were Presbyterians as well. However, in Owen McEwan's petition for land in 1810 (4), he claimed he was born in Ireland. No birth records have been found to confirm or deny this. (3) Yet his regiment was known as the Duke of Hamilton's Regiment, as it was recruited by Douglas, 8th Duke of Hamilton and premier peer of Scotland. Much of the work of recruiting went on in Scotland, the "82nd probably declined to have an Englishman on its rolls." Perhaps it was socially correct to be from Ireland so soon after the Revolutionary War and so close to the United States.

Owen's oldest son, John W. McEwan, born about 1787 in Pictou County, came to Clatsop County in 1853. He brought his wife, Margaret (Peggy) Sturgeon, whom he had married in 1808. John must have been about 66 years old and Peggy 64 years old when they made that long journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. They had thirteen children of which three did not survive infancy and two did not immigrate to Oregon.

The following diary excerpt describes Owen and John McEwan.

"Directly across the river is another very fine farm, which also was a grant to a soldier. Owen McEwan, properly spelled McKowen. McEwan was the 'army tailor' and came to this country very shortly after the battle of Waterloo. There is only one of his descendants left in Merigomish, the one who occupies the old homestead. The McEwans were peaceable people, but very hard with their fists, and it took a clever boxer to get under their guard. A man-of-war sailor who happened to be in the harbor, hearing this, challenged McEwan to combat. The younger brother, Barney, pleaded very earnestly with the elder just to let him at him, and he would cut wood for two months, but the reply was, 'Go away, you brat!' the bully was put out of business in short order.

"Another time when lumbering up the Mirimichi River, John, who was a religious man, was accustomed to go out behind a stump to pray before retiring. The bully of the camp, and a number of his followers, determined to have some fun, followed him one evening, and finding him on his knees, gave him a kick that sent him sprawling. McEwan got up and faced his man, with the result that at the second tap the bully was knocked senseless. He was carried to the camp, and with difficulty brought back to consciousness, and took his departure in the morning. McEwan was ever after known as "the man of the iron hand."

"The man of the iron hand" moved with his wife and first six children from Nova Scotia to New Brunswick to lumber. Six more children were born in Douglastown. John was a builder of ships and scows in Pictou and he and Margaret moved to Douglastown, Northumberland County, in 1821 to lumber on the Miramichi River. There they were very prosperous--both before and after the devastating fire of 1825. Little did he know his talents would be needed in far off Astoria in the Oregon Territory some twenty years later.

There are ten known children of John and Janet Sturgeon McEwan. They are:

1. Owen McEwan. Born 9 December 1810. He most probably died in infancy.

2. Robert Sturgeon MacEwan. This is the only McEwan to spell his name with a "Mac." The following article appeared in the Astoria Daily Budget, two years before his death. (5)

**"OLDEST MAN IN CLATSOP COUNTY
ROBERT STURGEON MAC EWAN
IS PAST 95**

Closely Connected with Beginnings of
Oregon History
Built First Schooner on Lower Columbia

Astoria, Or., April 11-(Special)--The oldest person in Clatsop County and the man who, with possibly a single exception, has resided here for the greatest number of consecutive years, is Robert Sturgeon MacEwan, who although past 95 years of age, is still hale and hearty and able to enjoy his daily walks about town. An expert penman in his younger days, he still writes a clear legible hand and reads his daily paper without the aid of glasses.

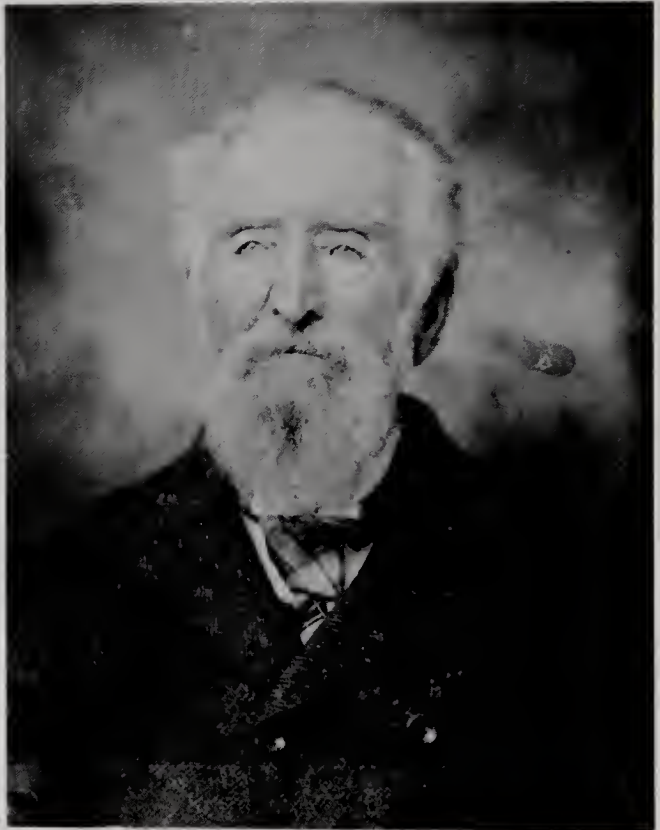
Mr. McEwan was born in the County of Pictou, Province of Nova Scotia on 10 November 1813. In 1821 he moved with his parents to the

Province of New Brunswick, where he resided until 1836 when he entered the employ of the government as a civil engineer and aided in making the surveys of the disputed boundary line between the American and British territory at the headwaters of the St. John and Restigouch Rivers near the southwest corner of New Brunswick. Four years later he came to the United States, sailing on the steamship Unicorn, the pioneer mail steamer of the Cunard line. He immediately settled in Missouri, where he was married in 1844 to Miss Cordelia Rebecca Noland. (4 April 1843 in Holt County)

This was before the days of romantic tales of gold discoveries in California, but many emigrant trains were crossing the plains to Oregon, and in the Spring of 1846 he purchased an ox team and wagon and with his wife joined one of the numerous trains and started for the Beaver state. His party had several skirmishes with the hostile Indians, but fortunately there were no fatalities, and the following fall he reached Oregon, locating in Clackamas County near the mouth of Eagle Creek at what was then known as Foster's place. Two years later he went to the newly discovered gold fields

in California, but sickness compelled him to turn back and he came to Astoria, which was then a Hudson Bay Company trading post. In 1849 he took up a donation land claim (Certificate No. 3833) on Clatsop Plains. On the arrival of the United States sloop of war Falmouth at Astoria in August 1850, bringing Honorable William Strong, United States Circuit Judge for Oregon, Mr. MacEwan, in company with Colonel James Taylor, William H.

Gray, Solomon H. Smith and R.W. Morrison went on board to greet the visitors and at their request he was appointed by Judge Strong as the first clerk of Clatsop County, with authority to select suitable persons to fill the other county offices, a position he held for four years. In December 1852, he made a trip to his former home in the East by the way of San Francisco and the



CCHS #1365-00

*Robert Sturgeon MacEwan
1813-1910*

Nicaragua route to New York and thence to Miramichi. After a short visit he again started westward and with his father, mother, sister, and three brothers, 2,000 head of sheep, 50 cattle, and 50 horses, crossed the plains to Oregon for the second time.

Mr. MacEwan has the distinction of having built the first vessel of any size in the lower Columbia River district. The craft was the schooner *Pioneer* of 40 tons, which he built on

the Skipanon, and loaded with a cargo of hand-sawed lumber, which he took to San Francisco. He sold the lumber at prices ranging from \$100 to \$300 per thousand. Afterwards he sold the schooner to the Government for \$5,000, and for a number of years she was used as a revenue cutter.

For 15 years Mr. MacEwan was a justice of the peace in Clatsop County at a time when its jurisdiction was much broader than it is now, and his record as such officer is favorably remembered by the old residents of the community. His wife died in 1860, after five children had been born to them, but of these only one is living. Until about three years ago he resided on his Clatsop Plains ranch, but when old age began to creep on, he moved into the city, where he would have more of the comforts of life. Mr. MacEwan is a pleasing conversationalist and is able to tell many an interesting historical anecdote of early days. He remembers distinctly all the presidents of this country with the exception of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, as well as the reigns of several British monarchs, and he expects to see several more American chief executives take their seats before he passes away."

According to Oregon Donation Land Claim records, which are on file at the Oregon Archives, Robert S. MacEwan filed his intention to become a United States citizen on 17 May 1851. Citizenship was awarded 14 January 1870. The reason for the nineteen-year delay in his citizenship was his return visit to Canada to persuade his parents and family to move to Astora. He must have completed his citizenship papers when he returned, since by this time, he was appointed Clerk for Clatsop County. It would seem logical his citizenship papers would be found in Clatsop County; unfortunately, they are not on file. I hope some future researcher is able to locate those valuable records.

His wife preceded him in death. She died in Yreka, California, on 29 November 1858. She is most probably buried there. According to Oregon law at that time, half of a donation land claim belonged to the husband and the other half to the wife. In case the wife died, her heirs received the property unless she had made a prior deed to her husband. Mary A. (MacEwan) Grider and John O. MacEwan held half of the Robert S. MacEwan land claim as their share of their mother's half of the claim. On September 1880 William Lancaster MacEwan (born Oregon Territory in 1852) purchased from Mary A. Grider and John O. MacEwan, the west half of the Robert S. MacEwan donation land claim. (Book G, Page 126 & 510). It was probable that he, too, was an heir of his mother, and was buying out the other two to solidify ownership of this property. Another daughter, Cordelia J. was born in the Oregon Territory in 1848, but no further mention of her is found.

The only child to outlive both parents is John O. MacEwan. (He is the oldest child, being born in Holt County, Missouri, in 1845.) The Oregon Historical Society lists him living somewhere near Helena, Montana, according to their Pioneer index--no date is given on the index.

It is interesting to note that the Oregon Historical Society's Pioneer Index lists Robert and Cordelia MacEwan as coming west to Oregon "by way of the Fort Hall route." Two other prominent Clatsop County families came the same route and settled on Clatsop Plains about the same time. They were Obediah C. Motley and Captain James Robinson. The Motley, Robinson, and MacEwan families lived in Clatsop Plains, moved to Corvallis, and their children intermarried. Obediah Motley was Clatsop County's first sheriff. [Bethenia Owens-Adair states in her book, *Some of Her Life Experiences*, that her father, Thomas

Owens, was Clatsop County's first sheriff.] It is possible they met before coming to Astoria. If so, Robert Sturgeon MacEwan could possibly have come overland with his parents through Hennepin, Illinois, and met up with the Motley and Robinsons there before continuing on to Missouri. (7)

"Farming was not Captain Motley's calling and when gold was discovered in California in 1849, the ocean again called him. With Robert MacEwan as a partner he built a schooner and made three trips to California before they sold the boat. In the meantime negotiations had been made to sell their homesteads, and in 1850 they both sold to Philip Gearhart. The two families then came to Benton County, where Captain Robinson procured a donation land claim just west of William Knott's place, the Motley's settling just beyond."

"Robert Sturgeon MacEwan, aged ninety-six years, pioneer rancher, miner, steamboat builder and first clerk of Clatsop County, lies on his bier in Astoria. Of his ninety-six years, sixty-four were passed in Oregon. The history of the deceased nonagenarian is the history of the circle of life and industries in which he moved for more than three score years. The era of his activities spanned the long gap between savagery and civilization in the Pacific Northwest."

3. James Patrick McEwan. Born 12 May 1817 in Pictou. He never married, and remained in Canada, never venturing to the Oregon Territory. He died in a Catholic home for the aged.

4. Margaret Sarah McEwan. Born 25 December 1819 in Pictou. She married a Mr. Clark and moved to Toronto, Canada. I've found no records to show she ever moved to Oregon.

5. Hugh MacMillan McEwan. Born 9 August 1825 in Pictou. Hugh came west with his parents John and Margaret McEwan in 1853. At least one brother, Alexander (7), went east to greet the

party. The day before they were to meet, Hugh drowned in the Snake River. That would make his age at death, 26. Before he came to the Oregon Territory he had many adventures: (8)

"Hugh, like Alexander (his brother) had been a rover from his earliest youth. He had traveled extensively in Europe, and likewise passed a great part of his life on ship-board, and escaped shipwreck several times to at last meet an untimely death, by drowning, in a lonely river in the wilderness; he was in his twenty-eighth year of age. McEwan had sent the money to purchase a band of sheep, which he undertook to winter near where the city of Walla Walla now stands. He was alone, with the exception of a herder and two valuable dogs. It was an intensely cold winter, and wolves were constantly thinning the flocks; and poisoned meat that was intended for the wolves was eaten by the dogs, from the effects of which they died. Then the herder ran away with the horses; nearly all the sheep perished, and McEwan would have suffered had it not been for the kindness of an old Indian chief, who had his winter abode near the place."

6. William Layton McEwan. The Oregon Historical Society has an article that was probably printed circa 1893--the date, name of the newspaper and location were not given:

"A correspondent writing from Astoria, date of 2 February, says:

"The late William Layton McEwan was born in Douglstown, Northumberland County, New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada on 17 February 1827.

"He received a liberal education in the best schools in that country, studied law under George Kerr, the lawyer of note and graduated at the head of his class with first honors. He then removed to Quebec where he remained in the practice of his profession until summer of 1853 when he came to Oregon in company with his father and mother and

other members of his family. He entered practice of law and stood high in his profession for several years in Portland in connection with Judge Campbell, General Hamilton, and Judge Farrar.

'He was married to Miss Jessie Spencer in 1858 by Bishop Scott and shortly after in 1862 removed to Astoria where he practiced law for several years.

'He then removed with his family to Alderbrook, two miles east of Astoria where he resided until his death Tuesday, January 29, respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and eight children, four sons and four daughters, to mourn the loss of a (unreadable) and loving husband and father."

Dr. Thomas (4), a descendant of William Layton McEwan, located a family bible he believes is now in the possession of the Clatsop County Historical Society. He believes the copiers of this bible may have misspelled Jessie Spence McEwan's maiden name as "Spencer." The names of the children copied from that bible are:

| McEwan | Born |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Jessie Layton | April 14, 1860 |
| Margaret Arabella | Sept. 5, 1861 |
| William Layton | Dec. 24, 1864 |
| Minnie Layton | Sept. 14, 1866 |
| Mary | Oct. 19, 1868 |
| James Layton | Jan. 1, 1871 |
| Loggie Spencer | Sept. 20, 1874 |
| Charles Spencer | Jan. 22, 1877 |

Jessie Spencer McEwan lived in Alderbrook from 1862 until her death, being widowed in 1889. She is remembered for being a "strong temperance woman." In the 1904 Astoria city directory she is shown living at 647 Franklin Avenue--son Charles L. was at 730 Franklin Ave. (old numbering). She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Astoria. It might be assumed William Layton

McEwan's grave is there too. Neither had a will and it is believed they arranged their affairs so that the death of one or the other could be accomplished without a will. Jessie, after she was widowed, made it possible for her children to inherit without a will as well.

7. Alexander John McEwan. The Pioneer Transactions (7) has a biographical sketch of this Astoria pioneer. It was written by his wife, Clementine Motley McEwan and is printed in abridged form here.

"ALEXANDER JOHN McEWAN was born near Fredericton in the province of New Brunswick. . . .He was sent to school until fifteen years of age; then he was put into the counting room of a shipping merchant. He remained there until his twentieth year with several other youths of about the same age, started to seek their fortunes in other countries. They first went to Boston, Massachusetts. After a stay of several months, McEwan went to New York City and was in that place for about two years. Then he went as super-cargo on a ship bound for the coast of Africa. He made several voyages in this way, and was for some time on the island of Madagascar.

"(He) went to New Orleans....During his stay, he suffered a severe attack of the yellow fever...After that experience, he...started again on his rambling career. This time he went to South America and was for some time at Rio Janiero, in Brazil, but a violent shock of an earthquake caused his departure from that place. He next went to California. I think it was in 1852 when he landed in San Francisco. He...proceeded to the gold mines, where he prospected in various places and was for some time mining on the Yuba and Feather Rivers....He brought quite a quantity of gold dust from his mining claim when he finally sold it, and in 1853 or 1854...he arrived in Oregon. He landed

first in Astoria, and from there went to Clatsop Plains, where he stayed several months.

"While there he constructed the first salmon fishery ever started in Oregon; the remains of the old building where he used to put up fish are still to be seen on Woody Island...."

Another biography is from the Oregonian (9):

"Alexander John McEwan was an old pioneer, a lawyer by profession, and one of the most competent accountants in Oregon. He came to Oregon from California in 1847 having about \$20,000 in gold which he made in the mines. He built a salmon cannery on Woody Island, it being the first ever properly established on the Columbia River. He made a mile of nets which were used in catching the salmon and he put up 2500 barrels the first season which he shipped to San Francisco at enormous expense. The salmon was kept several months without finding a sale, and in order to stop the heavy expense of storage, he instructed his agents to roll the salmon into the bay, which was done. He piled his nets, copper tools, etc., in the fishery house and left, never returning to it again and today the old house still stands on the island, a mark of wasted fortune. (1881)

"He next entered into a scheme of bringing stock across the plains, putting \$6,000 into the pool with his partners. The stock consisted of cattle and sheep which upon arrival were given into his keeping. He herded them on the plains where Walla Walla now stands, there not being a white person within a hundred miles of him. The winters were too severe, so he drove the stock to Oregon and deposited his remaining \$9,000 with Adams and Company at Yreka.

"An intensely cold winter came on and his stock died by the hundreds and scattered to the four winds. Coming upon the heels of this was the failure of Adams and Company and in

desperation McEwan went to Adams & Co. and demanded his money or the agent's life! The agent gave him a check on this city for the amount and told him if he arrived before the steamer, which was due in three days in Portland, he would get his money.

"He started out, rode a day and night, swimming streams and sloughs, narrowly escaping death several times, but reached the city just one hour before the steamer arrived which brought orders to seal the office.

"McEwan never returned to look after his stock but struck out for the mines and in his rambles laid out the town of Bannack City, Idaho, which has since changed to Idaho City. After losing every dollar in the work by having his pack train caught by a terrible snowstorm in the mountains, he returned to Portland where he clerked for a time after which he went to Corvallis and went into business. He owned a portion of the first cargo of wheat that was ever shipped from this state. A year later high water swept away his store and warehouse, again leaving him on bedrock.

"From this he drifted about until he came to this city where he filled various positions as bookkeeper, being highly



*Robert R. McEwan of Gearhart,
great grandson of Alexander John McEwan*

educated and competent. A few years ago he fell from a trestle breaking his thigh bone and almost ending his earthly apprenticeship. He married Miss Clementine Motley when she was nineteen years old in Corvallis. He died in 1881.

"He was in appearance of fine large build, intensely strong, with dark hair and heavy eyebrows, humorous gray blue eyes and strong features."

Today, Alexander and Clementine's great grandson lives with his family in Gearhart and attends the Clatsop Plains Pioneer Church. His name is Robert Reed McEwan and he and his wife, Pat, have lived in Clatsop County over forty years. He occasionally wondered about the headstones at church, especially the one just inside the gate which read, "Robert S. MacEwan." But being a father of two children, owner of a construction company and parent to numerous Sheltand ponies--there just never seemed to be time to pursue this coincidence. It is interesting he should reside so close to his long-ago ancestors.

8. George Barnabas McEwan. Extractions from the donation land claim records-Certificate #3631--George Barnabas McEwan, Clatsop County; born 1829 or 1832 (15 January 1832 on citizenship papers), New Brunswick, county of Northumberland; arrived in Oregon 4 or 10 November 1853; declared intention to become a citizen 28 February 1854, awarded 10 August, 1869. In a letter to the land office, G.B. McEwan stated he was the keeper of a lighthouse at Cape Shoalwater, Shoalwater Bay, Washington Territory, with Post Office at Oysterville." (Note: the lighthouse at Cape Shoalwater Bay was built in 1858 and was destroyed by erosion in 1941 and never rebuilt.)

George was married at least three times. He married Emeline Coffenbury in 1868 in Astoria. They were divorced circa 1870 also in Astoria. In the 1880

Soundex for Clatsop County, Oregon, Alice H. is listed as his wife at 18 years of age, born in Oregon and with an eight-month old son, George E. This is the only known descendant of George Barnabas McEwan. He listed himself as 31 years old. If he was born in 1829, he would have been closer to fifty years old. The newspaper on 12 October 1883 reported that, "Mrs. George B. McEwan, who had been ailing for sometime with typhoid malaria, died Monday morning the 8th, in the 21st year of age." (6) She is presumed buried at Hillside Cemetery. In 1884 George married Louisa Veach in Astoria. In the 1890 Astoria city directory, George and Louise were listed as owners of a millinery, "Fancy Goods, Etc." The shop was located at 526 3rd., the same address as their residence. [The location today would be on the north side of Commercial midway between 11th & 12th.]

Preston W. Gillette's diary (2) gives the best description of these hardy souls:

January 3, 1861. George McEwan is here this evening. He is taking his apple trees and moving to town. One after another of the old settlers is moving to town leaving desolate farms.

February 4, 1861. Mr. McEwan stopped overnight--about 80 years old and can tramp through impenetrable wood all day.

February 14, 1861. The two McEwans came-hunting.

March 30, 1861. Saturday. Found Mr. McEwan lost in the woods.

April 7, 1861. George McEwan wants to make a home on the farm.

9. Elizabeth Jane McEwan (10). Born April 27, 1831, she was the second youngest child of the ten surviving children of John W. and Margaret "Janet" Sturgeon McEwan.

Dan Carney's sources (4) are unknown to me, but he relates that Elizabeth Jane did not come west with the other McEwans in 1853. He states

that she came later. No details are known now, but the single census reference that gives us information about her family, notes that her husband and one son were born in Canada. This 1870 census records that the youngest child was only five years old at that time, and so it may be assumed that the family had not been in Oregon for long by the time of the 1870 census.

The 1870 census of Clatsop County list:

| | (age) | (birthplace) |
|---------------------------|-------|---------------|
| J.S. Russell | 42 | England |
| Elizabeth Russell | 32 | New Brunswick |
| Margaret J. Russell | 10 | Canada |
| Joseph | 9 | Canada |
| John W. | 5 | England |
| Robert Sturgeon McEwan | 55 | Nova Scotia |

Their story may now be lost (4), but it might have been most interesting. Mr. Russell, an Englishman, lived for a while in eastern Canada. He married a local woman and had two children in Canada before returning to England. There, a third child was born. In the above 1870 census, he lists his occupation as "Merchant." Perhaps this is the reason for these migrations. Eventually they did decide for the New World and for residence with the McEwans in Oregon. It is still possible that some descendant might be able to tell their story.

10. Clementine McEwan. Born in 1838 in Northumberland County, New Brunswick. John W. and Margaret Sturgeon McEwan named two daughters, Clementina. (10) The first was born in 1833 and the last in 1838. It may be assumed the first daughter died in infancy. Clementina came west with the family party in 1853 and married George Davidson in 1855. They, too, filed for a donation land claim, Certificate #3756. "George Davidson, Clatsop County, born 25 November 1826, St. Johns, New Brunswick; arrived Oregon 1853; married

Clementine McEwan, 28 February or 9 March 1855, Clatsop County, Oregon Territory." Included in those signing affidavits for him were--John W. McEwan, George McEwan, and A.J. McEwan. George and Clementina Davidson are buried with their four children in Clatsop Plains Cemetery. (4)

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Davidson, George A. | born 1827 | died 1908 |
| Clementina | 1838 | 1890 |
| James A. | 1857 | 1941 |
| Margaret (married John W. Hume) | 1859 | 1945 |
| Frederick A. | 1861 | 1945 |
| Kate (married Walter L. Robb) | 1863 | 1955 |

I am certain there must be more descendants in the Astoria area that can add to Clementina's history.

I have tried to report documented facts about these early settlers of Clatsop County in the Oregon Territory. I should like to know all about of the lives of these hardy pioneers and am forever fascinated with piecing together all the bits of new information that I discover. I hope others will feel free to come forward to add to this story. ♦

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Patty Foley with one of her students.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I was born and raised in a small college town, Corvallis, Oregon. I left there after high school to attend the University of Oregon in Eugene. It was a tough choice at the time, because there was so much rivalry between these two state universities only forty miles apart. But, I made my decision, not on the football schedule, but on the distance away from home. I graduated in Education and began teaching in the Beaverton School District in Beaverton, Oregon. I worked to complete my Masters Degree, the first year of teaching. At the end of my fifth year, I took a twelve year maternity leave to be

home in Gresham and raise my two daughters, Katie and Bobbie Jo.

During that time my educational interests were redirected. Our country was in the depths of a recession and educational monies were scarce. Along with two other Gresham community people, we began to create an event that would enhance the community and bring dollars to education. This project was later to be known as the Mount Hood Festival of Jazz. In my last year as a board member, we gave \$75,000 both to the college and the Chamber of Commerce.

When my mother died in 1987, I began to develop an interest in the history of my family. Her maiden name was McEwan. Her parents divorced when she was a toddler and she was not permitted to know her father, Robert L. McEwan. Although both my mother and her father lived in Portland for 20 years, she was 45 years old before she actually met him. I was 18 when I met my grandfather and he died a few months later. This somewhat unusual scenario is probably what initiated my interest in genealogy.

I am a descendent of Alexander John McEwan. Alexander's son was Robert C. McEwan who was a brakeman for Southern Pacific Railroad. He died in a spectacular train derailment in Douglas County in 1897. He left a young widow and a five month old son, Robert L. McEwan, my grandfather.

I have now returned to teaching and I refer to myself as a recycled Beaverton teacher. My husband, Doug, and I live in Beaverton with my two daughters and our two dogs, Delores, a Dalmation and Lizard, a Peekapoo.

Patty Jo Wilson Foley
November 11, 1992

Astoria



If the reader were to stand in the parking lot of radio station KMUN on 14th Street and face west, he would see the area that the photographer saw when he took this photograph of McClure's Astoria in 1867. This view is the reverse of that seen on page 2.

Extending out into the Columbia River, at the extreme right of the photo, is the Leonard and Green Store, the Shark House and behind them, William H. Gray's boarding house, located in the area near present-day Astor Street and 8th and 9th Streets. Near the center of the photo is the Episcopal Church where the Spexarth Building now stands on the

in 1867



northeast corner of 8th and Commercial. The large building with the small porch to the left of the church is the first Clatsop County Courthouse, built about 1854 and located on the site of the present Courthouse on the southwest corner of 8th and Commercial. The large building with the long porch further to the left is the Union House, a hotel built and operated by Job W. Ross (on the southwest corner of 7th and Commercial). The bay in 1867 extended from about 9th to 14th Streets, almost up to Franklin.

A Short Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jane Badollet

by Dora Badollet

In 1821, my grandfather, Michael Nowlen, then a young man from Dublin landed in New York. From there he went to Patterson, New Jersey. As he was a first class workman, he readily secured employment at the Rogers Machine Works and helped to set up the first locomotive that ran from Patterson to New York. In 1825, he moved to Springfield, Illinois, where he met and married my grandmother, Nancy Bowman Orders, a native of Columbus, Ohio. Her father was Joshua Bowman--a member of the well-known Bowman family of Boston of Revolutionary fame. Her mother's name was Charity Johnson, a Pennsylvanian.

Mr. and Mrs. Nowlen had four children who lived to manhood and womanhood, my mother, Mary Jane, the subject of this sketch, being the oldest. She was born in a log house on my grandfather's farm near Washington, Taswell County, Illinois. From here she moved with her parents to Peoria where her father was owner in a large foundry. She attended school in Peoria until her tenth year when the health of her mother being very poor, her parents decided to go further west. In 1851 they started with a train of Peoria people, nearly all of them near relatives, for Oregon. On reaching the Missouri River at Kanessville, about where Omaha is to-day, they found it so swollen that after my grandparents with their family, goods and cattle had crossed on the ferry boat, the rest were afraid to venture and could not cross for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Nowlen with their children and a young lady cousin who was in their charge, pressed on and

joined a train of Indiana people, with whom they made the rest of the journey.

My grandfather had made ample provision for the comfort of his family so they suffered no unusual inconveniences for such a trip at that time. They also had no very exciting adventures except once, when my grandmother, her daughters, Jane and Rosetta, her son John, then about nine, and her niece were riding horseback about two miles ahead of the main train to avoid the dust made by so many wagons and loose cattle. They came upon many feathers scattered about the road and on the bushes, as if a feather bed had been ripped open there. On looking about, my mother discovered the newly-made graves, and a notice written on a piece of tin tacked to a board, saying, "Look out for the Indians here. These people have been murdered by them," and giving the date which was only a day and a half before. The graves were those of a woman and her son who had been riding ahead of their train just as the Nowlins' were. A daughter had been wounded, thrown down a canyon and left for dead, but had been revived when the rest of the train arrived. These people had been in their wagon, and the Indians had searched the bed for money. My grandmother hurried her party back to their friends, but they did not see any Indians there. When they came to the spot again, one of the young men in their party, Mr. Lyman Hall, found \$60 which the young lady had thrown away to keep from the Indians. He brought it with him to Oregon, and had the pleasure of restoring it to its owner.

They had one great Indian scare. One evening the captain called out: "Indians! All get your guns!" Obeying the call, the men rushed out but came back laughing. What they had thought were the heads of warriors was a flock of crows sitting on a rise of ground a short distance away.

Stampedes of the oxen and run-aways of the horses kept their life from being too monotonous. Jane (my mother) being rather venturesome added a little variety sometimes. One day, when her mother thought her safe in the wagon, she was walking calmly behind. They came to a creek which she could not wade, so she climbed into her brother's wagon. After crossing, he did not stop as soon as she wished, so she tried to jump out, caught her foot in a rope and was thrown under the heavily laden freight wagon. The fore wheels passed over her head, but her brother yelled, "Whoa!" and the tired oxen stopped immediately before the hind wheel reached her. The men called, "A child hurt!" My grandmother said, "It's not mine. They are all with me. No, of course, Jane is out!" The cut soon healed, but left a scar about which we children never tired of hearing.

Their train started from Peoria, April 14, 1851, and they reached Portland that fall. Oct. 1st they came with all their cattle, wagons, and horses together as far as The Dalles; then the drivers took the horses and cattle on down the river bank. The wagons were taken apart and six families with their wagons and all their goods were piled on one flat boat. They were all day in going from The Dalles to the Upper Cascades. There they put the wagons together again, loaded them with goods, and hired trains to take them across the portage. The way was so rough that one wagon tipped over three times in making the trip. At the Lower Cascades, they found the comfortable steamer "Lot Whitcomb" waiting for them to take them to Portland. They lived in

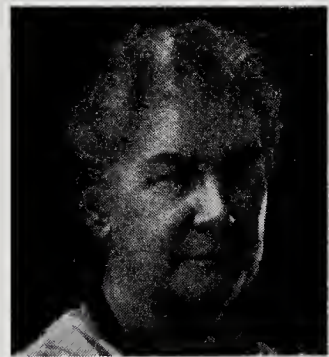
Portland until the next May, my mother and her brother attending school there in the first school house in Portland.

Then they lived in Salem and the Howell Prairie for a few months, until my grandfather bought two mills, a flour and a sawmill at Butte Creek about seven miles from Silverton. They lived here four years and then moved to Astoria, as my grandparents wished to be near the ocean.

The first school my mother attended in Astoria was kept by Miss Lincoln (afterwards Mrs. Skinner) in the Methodist Church near what is now the [NW] corner of Franklin Avenue and Fifteenth Street. She then went to Judge Skinner's school which was in a house on the beach between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets [near what is now Franklin Street].

On Feb. 17, 1861, she married my father, John Badollet, a native of Indiana, who died in 1881.

They had five children, Jennie (now Mrs. W.G. Howell), J.P. Badollet of Portland, Georgia (Mrs. T.S. Trullinger), Mollie who died in 1880, and the writer of this paper. ♦



Dora Badollet

Dora Badollet, a teacher in the Astoria schools for fifty-two years, was born in 1861 and died in 1939. Her father, John Badollet, was an incorporator of Badollet and Co., the first cannery in what is now a part of Astoria (Upper-Astoria). He was a nephew of John McClure, whose donation land claim stretched over much of the downtown area of Astoria.

A humorous story about early Astoria residents.

Mother Goose's Melodies

That some early Astoria residents had a sense of humor is shown by the story and drawings that follow. These were discovered in a manuscript, dated 1860, that resides in the CCHS archives. The true identity of A. Gosling and Ole Gander is unknown, but the characters in their story were real people and true pioneers of the county. Marm Johnson was Mary Ann Johnson, the wife of Captain Phillip Johnson, a couple who came to Oregon in 1849. In 1860, they lived on the same block as John M. Shively, the man who in 1847 established the first U.S. post office west of the Rockies. Tom Goodwin, a member of the board of trustees for the town of Astoria in 1860, also operated a saloon and grocery here, later retiring to a farm on Clatsop Plains where his historic house still stands, located almost across from the weigh station. Job Witte Ross, who came to Oregon in 1852, was the proprietor of the Union House Hotel, formerly located on the present site of the Baptist Church and a prominent landmark in many early photos of Astoria.

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A new Edition
of
Mother Goose's Melodies
by
A. Gosling
Illustrated by
An Ole Gander
of the
Dusseldorf Academy
and dedicated to Horace Brown Esq.
Entered according to 5 or 6 acts
of Congress and Copyright
Sugar-cured --

Published and for Sale
Next door to the Meat shop
Price 1 penny

Astoria
1860



This is Marm Johnson.
 Who had a cow.
 That got Marm Johnson
 Into a big row.



This the cow, black,
 And brindled and brown,
 That jumped Shively's fence,
 And broke it down.



This is Shively with a
 Crab apple stick.
 Who hit the poor cow, a
 Cow-ardly lick.



This is Mister Ross.
 Of Astoria town
 Who met Marm Johnson
 And got knocked down.



This is Phil Johnson
whose wife always beats him,
When he goes to Tom Swadwin's
And any body treats him.



This is the Infant,
So clean and so neat,
Whiff-a-cruel Papa,
Hung down in the street.



And this is old Nicholas
Who looks very lively,
For he's certain to pick, Has!
Both Johnson, and Swadwin.



CCHS #4008-00S

John M. Shively
1804-1893



CCHS #3723-00R

Job Witte Ross
1811-1895



CCHS #1101-900

Cows wander along 16th Street between Franklin and Grand in this snowy January 1874 photograph. The fenced area in the foreground belonged to the Shivelys, the next block uphill from their home. The large house on the right belonged to Adam and Caroline Van Dusen, now the site of Clatsop Care Center. The house in the center belonged to Capt. Phillip Johnson, probably a block east from where they lived in 1860.

*Clatsop County's first horticulturalist describes
his 1852 Oregon Trail journey.*

My Journey to Oregon, Across the Plains in the Year 1852

by Preston W. Gillette

Excerpts from memoirs of the trip written in 1893.

Punctuation and spelling have been changed to improve readability.

My good wife has often requested me to write for her, a brief history of my trip "across the plains," which I have to do from memory. Years ago, in the autumn of 1851, having determined to make a lawyer of myself, I went to Burlington, the county seat of Lawrence County, Ohio, and entered the Law Office of Col. Elias Nigh and commenced reading Law. Some time in February, I saw in a newspaper, an account of an expedition fitting out for Oregon called, "The Presbyterian Colony," and extending an invitation to all persons of "good moral character" who desired to emigrate to that distant territory to join them. I made up my mind instantly to go to Oregon, and immediately wrote to my father informing him of my determination, and also to the Rev. A.J. Hanna, the prime mover in this enterprise. In a few days I received a very cordial letter from him, urging me to join the "colony" and to meet him in Cincinnati on the 12th day of March following. So I shut up my law books, bid Col. Nigh and my Burlington friends goodbye and went home to prepare for my departure to the "Far West." On the 10th day of March, 1852, amidst numerous cousins and kin who had called to see me off, I took a last farewell of home, kinsmen, and friends, and State, and embarked on board the

steamer for Cincinnati where I met Mr. Hanna and party of 12 or 15 persons. We spent several days in Cincinnati.

TO ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

On the 16th day of March 1852 our party took passage on a comfortable steamer for Saint Louis, Missouri. It was an elegant trip down the beautiful Ohio to its mouth and up the turbulent Mississippi to Saint Louis. I enjoyed every moment of it as only can a young, healthy, ambitious man when just beginning the first great enterprise of his life. I was full of hope, health, life and ambition. I had cut loose from every friend and acquaintance, and was just entering upon a new life, alone in the world; but I enjoyed it. I had never left my father's roof before, and I must say that I felt more like a man than I ever had. I like the seeming freedom and independence. It aroused in me a self-reliance that I had never before felt or conceived.

Our trip occupied five or six days and gave us a good opportunity to make each other's acquaintance. I found my traveling companions a very respectable lot of people and above average in intelligence. They were generally young, none being over 36 years of age. Few of them had more money than was necessary to defray their traveling expenses for the journey.

All were seeking homes, and all expected to take up land under the generous "Donation Law." When we reached St. Louis, we all put up at Scotts Hotel, expecting to remain in St. Louis long enough to buy our wagons, provisions, and outfits for our journey across the plains.

Before we reached St. Louis, I had selected my "men" or immediate companions. They were A.H. Zahnheiser, W.J. Biggs, and Thomas Gilfillan, all from Pennsylvania. Each one was supposed to furnish his part of the cash for the outfit, and we were to own it in common. But when we came to settle up, it was found that Mr. Biggs could furnish but a small part of his share of the expense. He was a fine young fellow, only 19 years old, and we concluded to let him in just as if he had paid his full share.

TO SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI

About the 25th day of March we embarked on board the Steamer Pontiac for Saint Joseph, Missouri, where we expected to buy our teams and make our final start "across the plains." The boat was literally black with people. Not only were all the staterooms full, but at night the cabin floors were covered with sleepers; and such was the case with all steamers going up this river, there being a large emigration to Oregon and California. The steamer was too much crowded to be enjoyable. But I was satisfied even with all the discomforts of the overcrowded boat, so long as I was on my way to Oregon. About the 5th day out from St. Louis, it was announced that two of the cabin passengers were down with smallpox.

This piece of news did not concern me much, but many of the passengers were greatly frightened. When we had arrived within 5 miles of our destination, we met large quantities of floating ice in the river; this ice was very heavy, being 2 1/2 to 3 feet thick. Here we had to tie up and wait until the

ice ran by, which took five days. This delay being unlooked for, we soon found ourselves short of provisions, and for three days we were compelled to live on coffee, hard tack, and beans. Another passenger steamer just ahead of us met with the same obstacles that we had, and was tied up a half mile above us. Passengers from the two boats, to the number of 4 or 500, assembled on a great sand bar to witness a war dance given for our benefit by 40 or 50 Pawnee Indians. This was the largest number of Indians that I had ever seen, nor had I ever witnessed a war dance before, so I was much interested. After the performance was over, two of the Indians passed "the hat" around Methodist fashion and "took up a collection." During our stay here, myself and two of my companions went hunting in the woods along the Missouri River bottom; we had not proceeded far until we came upon the tracks of dozens of wild turkeys. There was a little snow on the ground, and we hunted diligently for our game until nearly night, but did not succeed in finding them. This was my last wild turkey hunt, though I had often hunted them before. This was in Kansas territory, and at that time it had no white settlers, except possibly a few "Squawmen." I forgot to mention that, as we were coming up the river, we stopped at "Kansas landing," as it was called, and discharged a small lot of freight. This same place is now "Kansas City," a city of one hundred and fifty thousand population. We stopped just below the city of St. Joseph and disembarked our smallpox sufferers. I was standing in the cabin door as they were carried out within a foot of me. I was greatly startled by seeing the pitiable and disgusting objects, and shall always believe that just at that moment I inhaled the loathsome disease. During the long passage up the river, the married ladies of our party proposed to the young men of that colony that if we, the young men,

would rent a house and furnish the provisions, that they would cook and keep the house, to which we readily assented, and I was selected to go and find the house. This measure was considered necessary, in a financial way, as we were all, or nearly all, poor. As soon as the steamer landed, I set out on my mission, and was directed to go up to Mr. Rubideau whom, it was said, owned many houses. I soon found him, an old Frenchman and noted "Santa Fe trader." He had made a fortune trading with the Indians and Mexicans. For the past few years, his principal trade had been in buffalo hides. He had great caravans on the plains, hauling in these hides; they were dried and when a wagon was loaded with them, it resembled a load of dark colored hay in the distance. But now, the buffalo is extinct, and Rubideau's occupation is gone. The old man lived in a miserable garret, surrounded by furs and hides. I soon closed a bargain with him, and paid him twenty-five dollars for a tenement in "Rubideau's Block," and in less than an hour, we were moving into it. We took the house for one month. A cooking stove was rented, rude furniture improvised, and in a short time we were housekeeping. St. Joseph had a population of about 800, and was crowded with emigrants, all busily preparing for the long journey. We purchased stuffs and made our own tents and wagon covers. I went into the country, and bought 5 yokes of oxen, as it was thought it would take that large a team to haul our wagon.

SMALLPOX

When we had been in St. Joseph six or seven days, I was attacked with a severe headache, pain in my back and limbs. This continued two days, and grew worse all the time. At the end of two days I had to succumb and go to bed. A doctor was summoned, and upon examination, it was found that I had the smallpox. This news sent consternation

throughout the house, and in less time than it takes to write it, more than half of the people were moving out. The jolly, happy, and rather popular young gentleman was transformed in a moment, to a disgusting, loathsome smallpox patient. My own "mess" to which Jerry Welch, had been added, the Robb family, the Shane family, and an old lady by name of "Bar" from Cincinnati, were all who remained. Those who had seemed to be most attached to me, who seemed to be my best friends, were the first to leave, and so badly were they frightened, that they did not venture near enough to the house to inquire after me during my illness. I was determined to go to Oregon, and was more determined to get through with the smallpox as fast and easily as possible. I was removed to a room in the garret of the house, where I remained alone all of these 12 weary days of my illness, excepting a few moments up about a dozen times a day, when I called my nurse, Mr. Zahnheiser, by thumping on the floor with a cane. He stayed in the room below and came when I gave the signal, if he happened to be awake. Those nights seemed years long, and the days, not much shorter. I was partially delirious during four or five days. And my suffering was such as only he who has tried this plague can realize.

ON THE WAY TO OREGON

My doctor came to see me twice a day, and on the 13th day, he gave me permission to go out. I recovered my strength very rapidly, and on the seventh day of May 1852, we loaded up our wagons, hitched in our teams, and made a start for Oregon. We drove out six miles up the river and camped for the night. Here our trouble began. The oxen were wild and only half-broken, excepting two oxen. We chained them to trees, thinking thus to secure them the first night, but while we were eating our supper, one of them got loose, and

started back with all the speed that such stock can make. We made chase and at length captured and brought them back. Zahnheiser and myself were the only persons in our mess that had ever handled or driven oxen, and I was still weak from my sickness, but we managed to get along with them pretty well. We soon taught the other boys to drive, and in fact the cattle themselves very soon learned their duties and became very tractable; they soon took to this kind of life, and learned all the routine of it. The next morning we drove on to Elizabethtown, where we were to cross the turbulent Missouri River. It was a tiresome and dangerous job getting our heavily loaded wagons and wild cattle into the little and inadequate ferry boat. But all 22 wagons with their teams, and about 65 people safely crossed the river before dark. The ferry boat was propelled by oars - a feeble force to contend with such a current as that of the Missouri. It was Saturday; that night a meeting was called, and the Presbyterian Colony adopted bylaws to regulate our mode of travel, and elected a captain of our company. A man by name of Galbraith was elected Captain.

THE WAGON TRAIN SEPARATES

Among the rules regulating travel was one prohibiting the company from traveling on Sunday. We were encamped in the river bottom, and between us and the highland were two or three very bad sloughs, and hundreds of teams with heavily-laden wagons were constantly crossing the river and moving across the sloughs. So on Sunday morning, Capt. Galbraith ordered the company to hitch up and move across the bad places before they became quite impassable, and himself and six, out of the 22 wagons moved, but the most ultra Presbyterian part of the company refused to go, and here the second day out, the company separated and we never saw our Captain again.

Those with whom I was in partnership, preferred to remain with the colony, and being the majority--I gracefully submitted to their decision. On Monday we got out to the highlands, but not until we hitched ten yoke of oxen to each wagon to pull them through the mire. Of course, Capt. Galbraith's plan was correct. But this never avails against religious notions. By one o'clock that day, we were rolling on towards Oregon, over the beautiful, undulating plains of Kansas. It was a grand sight--as far as the eye could reach, towards the west and east, the long line of white covered wagons moved steadily on to "the West." As I gazed in wonder at this sight, I said, "Truly, does the Star of the Empire westward take its way."

By this time [after reaching Fort Kearney] grass was plentiful and our teams began to improve in flesh, and strength, and the loads which seemed too heavy at first were drawn with ease. Yet our cargo was growing lighter every day. Five healthy young men, with appetites such as we had, would soon begin to tell on any wagon load.

PROVISIONS AND DUTIES

We started with 3 barrels of hardtack, 1 barrel of Boston butter crackers, 350 pounds of flour, 150 pounds of white beans, 75 pounds of dried apples, 50 pounds of dried beef, 60 pounds of cheese, 175 pounds of bacon, besides tea, coffee, sugar, salt. Not one of us (in my men) know anything about cooking, and so we had all this to learn. We arranged it so, that each one should take his turn at cooking, which should be one week, but during the time he was cooking, he was exempted from all other duties but guard duty at night. The others of the men, took turns in driving the team, which was one day each. They had also to provide the cook with fuel and water. We soon learned to do the cooking; beans, bread, bacon, tea, and coffee, and

dried apples was all there was to cook. Each man in the train had to take his turn as night guard. We kept two men on guard at night to keep the Indians from stealing our stock and taking our scalps.

Our wagons being heavily loaded, we all had to walk, excepting the driver, where the roads were level, was allowed to ride in the wagon part of the time. On this part of the route we drove 20 to 25 miles per day and I must say that even this distance always found me tired at night. Occasionally we made 30 miles a day. From Fort Kearney, we kept up the south side of the Platte river. This river is broad, exceedingly shallow, and its waters very muddy, and has the appearance of a rapid and rather dangerous stream. Sometimes quicksands were found, which are dangerous to teams or horses in fording. The river bottom lands are broad and level, and seemed to be fertile. The high lands, on either side, are undulating and beautiful, and abound in game. The Platte runs through the great buffalo range, and in former years, it teemed with countless numbers of these animals. Innumerable deep cut trails or paths made by buffalo, stretch down the

sloping hills to the river, where these vast herds go to drink.

They always travel "Indian file," and these paths are often a foot deep, and completely stripe the country on both sides of the river. Sometimes these herds appear in such vast numbers as to darken the landscape as far as the eye can reach.

But their numbers even then, in 1852, were fast diminishing, and now, are almost extinct. They were shot down by the thousand for their hides, a reckless waste that the government should not have allowed. They are all gone, and the furbearing seal, is fast following. It, too, will soon be a thing of the past unless most vigorous measures are adopted to protect it. We tried hard to kill some of the buffalo, but could not get near enough to shoot them. We killed many antelope and prairie chickens, and relished them very much; it makes a desirable change from side bacon.

CHIMNEY ROCK AND SCOTT'S BLUFF

We crossed the South Platte, a large river at its confluence with the North Platte. We still remained on the south side of the river; and as we



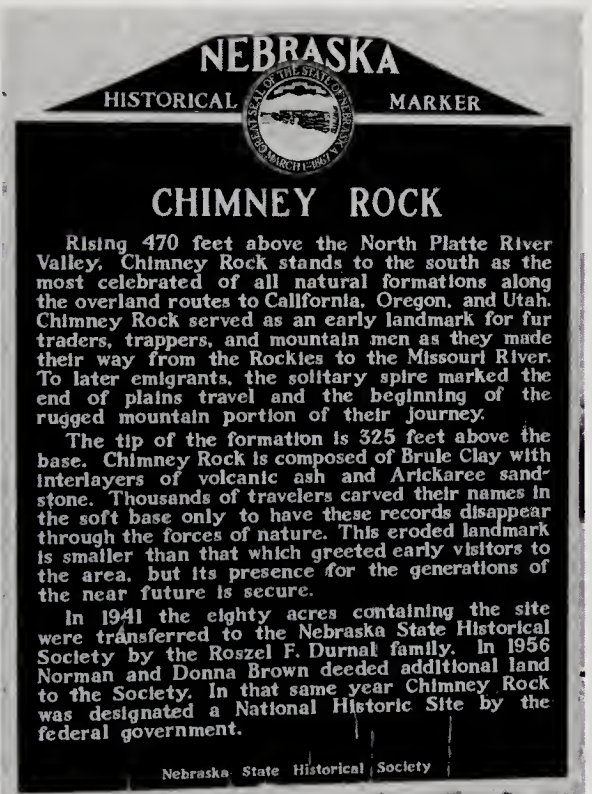
Courtesy of Dorothy Churchill

Chimney Rock in Nebraska

advanced, the river bottoms became narrower and the highlands higher. "Chimney Rock" could be seen 40 miles, and Scott's Bluff, fifteen or twenty miles away. It resembled a city in the distance. Three of us walked to Chimney Rock, and were greatly deceived as to the distance; it seemed to be but two or three miles away, when it was 12 or 14 miles, perhaps more. The country was so level and the atmosphere so clear, that it could be seen a great distance. A short time after we passed Scott's Bluffs, we passed down through a "cannon" or "kenyon," known as "Ash Hollow"; the little valley was only 400 or 500 feet wide, and each side was walled in by high rocky or cliff walls. It was my day to drive and my team was "in the lead." We had gotten quite into the little valley, when, at the same instant, every ox in the whole train made a sudden dash or jump, as instantaneous as if they had been sent off by an electric shock.

As quick as thought, I sprang in front of my team, and by slashing them soundly in their faces stopped them, else we would have had a general runaway. We never could discover the cause of this stampede, but we attributed it to Indians hidden among the rocks above. If it were Indians, the signal or fright was given in such a manner that every animal in the whole train received it at the same instant. It might have been a sudden earth quake shook, but none of us detected it. I remember that all of us were struck with awe or fear--a sort of indescribable gloom that hung over us for several hours. About this part of our journey, our company again, unceremoniously divided. It was in this wise. At noon we camped at a lovely spot affording the greatest abundance of wood, water, and grass. It seemed to be too good a place to occupy but an hour, so

someone proposed that we remain there until Sunday noon, and then drive half day on Sunday to make up for the loss of half of Saturday. No objections were made, and it was thought that general consent was given to the proposition. But such was not the case. After lunch, at noon Sunday, orders were given, and the stock all driven up, and people were busy hitching up, and when we were ready to start (our mess) we found that about half of the company were making no preparations to go. Those of us who had harnessed up, moved out of camp. No goodbyes or fare-you-well's passed any lips. There had been no disagreements, or any unpleasantness between us. It seemed a mutual and involuntary separation. Six wagons of us moved on, and six remained. Among them were the Rev. A.J. Hanna, and those who were really Presbyterians. When our little company camped that evening, 12 or 14 miles ahead of our friends, we resolved, in the future, to be



Nebraska, 1989

governed by common sense, and to use our best endeavor to save and protect the life and strength of stock, as our own lives depended upon the preservation of the oxen. After that we always rested one day each week, but never stopped unless we had a good camp with plenty of food and water for the teams. The loss of so many men out of our company just about doubled our night guard duty, and this I believe was the hardest duty we had to perform. The loss of a half night's sleep, after a continuous march all day in the hot sun and dust, we felt sorely.

A LONELY GRAVE

One day away above Fort Laramie, Zahnheiser and myself, were off some distance hunting, and I remember stumbling over a pair of old boots; the tops of the boots were fast in the ground; the soles were warped and twisted by the sun, and I saw that the pegs were drawn out in places by the shrinking. And I am quite certain, they were on a little mound; we were walking rapidly, and I did not think to consider how they came to be there in

so lonely a spot. I am satisfied that some unfortunate had been buried there with his boots on.

Away towards the southwest, we could see Laramie Mountains and the famous "Pike's Peak," which had some snow in sight. We saw this mountain for weeks as we moved on up the Platte.

Somewhere on the Platte, we camped alongside of 300 Sioux Indian warriors, who were just returning from a campaign against the Pawnees. Many of the warriors carried long rods on which they carried the "scalps" they had taken. Some had as high as three, others one and two of the ghastly trophies. They were very friendly with us, and not at all troublesome. Biggs had a copy of *Harpers Weekly* in which was an illustration of an Indian battle, which we gave to them and Biggs told the Sioux that those Indians who seemed to be having the best of the fight were Sioux. This delighted them.

When we reached the crossing of the North Platte, we found a ferry established and run by some Mormons from Salt Lake City. The river was too deep to ford, consequently, we had to



Scotts Bluff in Nebraska

Courtesy of Dorothy Churchill

ferry the wagons and ourselves. We paid five dollars each for the wagons and ourselves. We swam the stock. I have not mentioned the fact that cholera had been in this large emigration from the time it started. We counted from one to eight or ten new graves every day since we started from Missouri. Its victims seldom recovered, as they could not have proper attention.

INDEPENDENCE ROCK

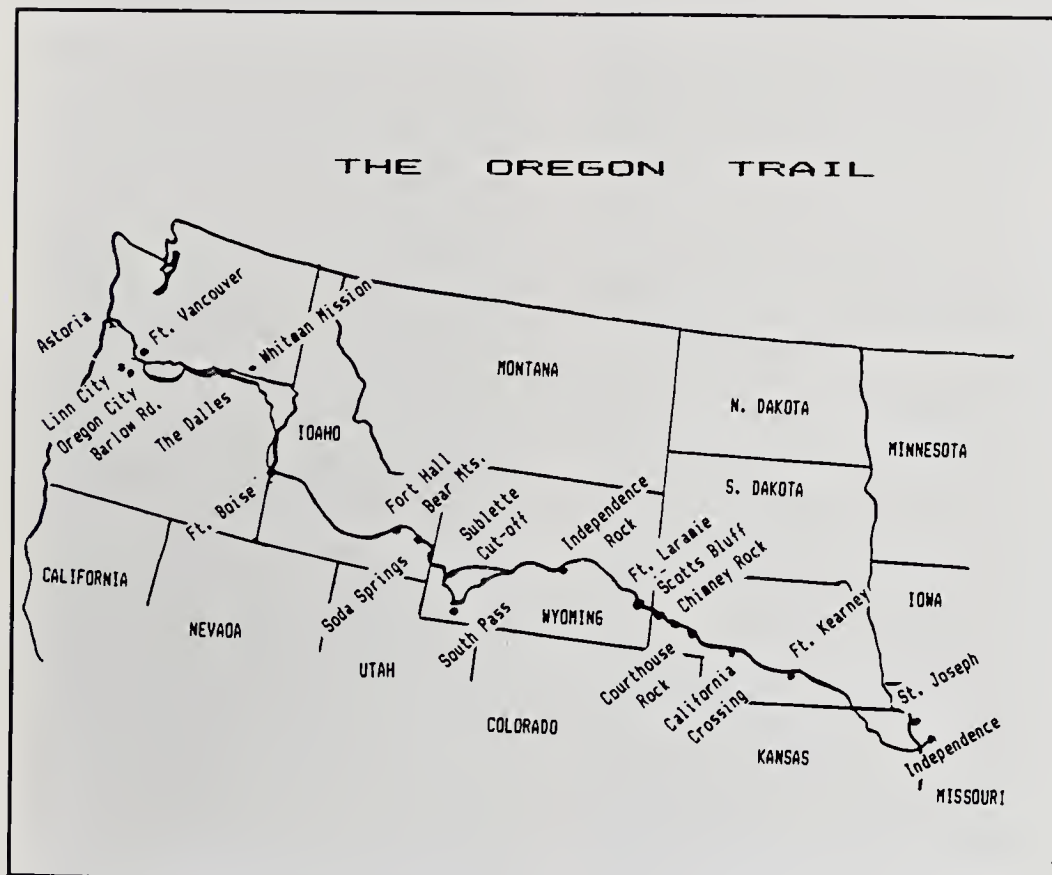
We encamped at "Independence Rock" over Sunday. I have forgotten how this great "Rock" got its name. It is a solid block of granite, and had rolled down from the mountain in the north side of the Sweetwater River. It is about 1500 feet long by 450 feet wide, and about 200 feet high. Innumerable names are engraved, painted, and written upon it. There is one point from which it may be ascended.

Here are the "Rocky Mountains"

truly! On either side of us as far as the eye can reach, are mountains of solid granite, utterly nude, the soil of all having been worked away, if there had ever been any. A few scrubby cedar trees, grew from the crevices of the rocks. Well were they named "Rocky Mountains." About a half a mile west of Independence Rock is the Devil's Gate. Here is a fall in the river of 70 or 80 feet, and it has cut a channel through solid granite 150 feet deep for a distance of half a mile.

ON TO THE WESTERN SLOPE

We soon left the Sweetwater and kept on almost due west, nearly a day's drive, up a broad sloping plain, and at noon on the first day of July, we were in the "South Pass" of the Rocky Mountains. The ascent was so gradual and the pass so broad, that it was almost impossible without instruments to know when we were on the summit. We



camped and had dinner at Pacific Spring. This spring was almost exactly on the highest land, but just enough beyond the summit for its waters to flow west. This water flows into and forms a part of the Colorado River. This was quite an epoch in our journey. We were on the "Western Slope" and seemed to realize more clearly that we were approaching our destination. From Pacific Spring we drove west down a broad sloping plain to the "Sandy," a good-sized millstream, and camped for the night. We remained here until 4 p.m. next day. There were six wagons in all and we had traveled all this distance together. At this encampment, Robb's, Corner's [Koerner's?], and our wagons drove a little down the Sandy. When we reached it, the other three wagons drove a little way up through the stream and camped, forming two separate camps. This seemed to be accidental; and, so far as I ever knew, it was. But, be that as it may, it was a final separation and we never traveled together anymore. Indeed, we never saw them again. We had never had any trouble with these people, but I think a mutual dislike had grown up between us.

SUBLETTE'S CUTOFF

At four o'clock p.m. we started for an all-night drive across a desert of 45 miles. This way, called "Sublette's Cutoff," saved 25 or 30 miles in distance. We could have kept around by the great Salt Lake and avoided this drive. We knew there was no water on this road, so we filled everything with water that we could. We had 25 five-gallons of water to supply five yoke of oxen and five men for 24 hours. We drove from 4 p.m. on July 2nd until 5 a.m., July 4, before we stopped. Here we gathered up sagebrush and made a fire, let the teams rest and pick such food as they could find among the sage, and made hot coffee for ourselves. Then we drove on all day until 4 p.m. when we reached Green River. The day was

scorching hot, and our stock as well as ourselves suffered dreadfully from heat, dust, and thirst. Our cattle smelt water two miles away, and quickened their pace, and so ravenous were they for water, that when we came in sight of Green River, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could unloose them from the wagons. No sooner were they released from the wagons, than they rushed pell-mell down into the river. We tried to stop them drinking all they wanted at once, but we could do nothing with them. They drank all they could, and yet not one of them received any injury.

In crossing the desert, we passed scores of dead horses and oxen that were unable to stand this fearful trip. We also saw several abandoned wagons and a great many heavy articles that people were trying to bring with them. such as cooking stoves, tools, machinery, heavy rifles, and hundreds of things that I cannot remember. When their teams began to weaken, it was absolutely imperative that the loads must be reduced or all would be lost. Many people undertook to carry too much with them as we found from here on to the end of the journey.

I forgot to mention that at Pacific Spring at the summit of the South Pass, I had my first view of "perpetual snow." When a small boy, I had a small geography published by Miss Harriet Beecher, afterward the famed Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, wherein I read of very high mountains whose tops were covered with "perpetual snow." This was one of the world's wonders to me, and I had always longed to see one of those grand monuments. Well, here it was. I chanced to turn my eyes to the north, and there it stood in all its splendor. It was far away to the north, but I instantly knew what it was. I was transfixed with wonder, awe, and admiration. I was the first one of our company to see it and probably the last, for I could not keep my eyes off of it.

CELEBRATION FOR THE 4TH OF JULY

We camped on the 4th of July on Fontainelle's Fork of the Green River, and spent the day. It was cold, and the snow that had fallen the night before still covered the ground on near hills. The only fuel we could get to cook with, or to warm ourselves by, was greenwillow brush. Young Biggs had picked up an old gun barrel in the road for the purpose of firing a Fourth of July salute, and we were all seated on the ground around our willow fire smoking some cigars that he had hidden away for the occasion. He had put the old gun barrel in the fire to burn the rust loose from it, never suspecting that it was already loaded. In the midst of our hilarity, smoking and telling stories, the old gun went off, covering us with ashes and dust. It is astonishing how many gun barrels we found strewn along the road. People had been obliged to cast them away, but before doing so, they always take off the stock, so as to render them useless to the Indians, who might do great harm with them.

Our company was now reduced to three wagons, containing nine men and one woman; one of the men had curvature of the spine, and consequently never performed camp duty of any sort. There were but eight able-bodied men to do night guard duty. This made it very hard on us. The continuous fatigue during the day, in heat and dust, and so much loss of sleep made this anything but a pleasure trip. I am not much of a sleeper and never went to sleep while on guard duty. But I often found my co-watcher fast asleep. I once found him sound asleep and stole his gun from him, and then gave an alarm, as if Indians were about to attack us. I did this hoping to make him more wakeful and careful, but it did no good; his sluggish mind yielded to the demands of his tired body.

THE INDIAN CAMP

The wagon road from the summit

down to the river made a detour of several miles to make easy grade, but, accompanied by the others of the company, I went straight down the mountain following the old wagon tracks in the turf made years before a better route was found. We reached the valley an hour before the train came, during which time we amused ourselves by watching the movements of a large body of Indians whom we found already encamped there. There were not less than 175 to 200 of them. The men, or braves, were lounging listlessly about the camp. The women were busy getting wood and preparing the meal, while a lot of boys 10 to 12 years old were shooting "prairie dogs" with bows and arrows. These little animals are a sort of squirrel. They burrow in the ground in deep holes. They often stand in the mouth of their holes and bark like a dog with a sharp, defiant little bark, and when approached too near, they fall back into the hole and instantly disappear. They were very numerous and the boys seldom failed to get one every shot. I shot enough of them for a meal with my shotgun and dressed and cooked them. We did not relish them much; the meat tasted too sweet. It is said that rattlesnakes burrow in the same holes, and that they live together in the most friendly manner. We found these little fellows along the road for many hundreds of miles. And "rattle snakes" we found all the way from the Missouri river to the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains.

Our Indian neighbors were quite friendly. They seemed to be traveling, as they had a large quantity of traps, hides, and of their household goods with them, also a great many horses. When they broke up camp and departed, I noticed that all of the men mounted good horses and left the women and children and a few old men to pack and bring the lodge poles, the goods, and camp equipment. The draft horses were harnessed up by means of a sort of

collar to which two long slender poles were attached, the front end being fastened to the collar high up the horse's shoulders; the other ends rested on the ground eight or ten feet behind the horse, and were so fastened together as to cause them drag along in parallel lines, just far enough behind, to clear the horse's heels. Strips of wood were lashed across the poles three inches apart clear back to the end of the poles. Upon these was loaded all of the goods and belongings of the whole party. Small children were tied upon the horses' backs. The women walked and led the horses, and kept watch that none of the goods were lost. We could not learn from them where they were going, but we thought they were on their way to the buffalo grounds, to kill and dry their winter's supply of meat.

SODA SPRINGS

The road from Fontenelle's or Ham's Fork of Green River was very mountainous and steep. The road follows down Bear River for four or five days' travel, at the end of which time we came to the "Soda Springs." There are a great many of these springs clustered together near the north bank of the river. Some of them are very large. All of them are capped over by a crystalization making them resemble a large iron pot, bottom side up, with large round holes in the bottom. The water is icy-cold, clear, and sparkling, strongly tinctured with soda, and is pleasant to the taste. They all bubble, rumble, and gush up their sparkling waters continuously. One large one on the river bank is called the "Steamboat Spring," owing to the puffing sound at regular intervals, resembling the puffing of a steamboat. At each puff or breath, its foaming water is dashed up to a height of three or four feet.

At this point Bear River makes a sharp angle, turning its course from west to southeast and flows away south towards the great Salt Lake. And here,

the great immigrant roads fork, one branch keeping on north-westerly to Oregon, the other, turning away southerly to California.

PARTY OF MOUNTED WARRIORS

We crossed over the mountains dividing the Bear and Snake river valleys. On this mountain we found an abundance of very good "serviceberries." In crossing the broad sage[land] that reaches from the foot of these mountains to the Snake River, we discovered away to the north of us what appeared to be smoke, but we soon discovered that it was dust, and after examination with a spy glass, we found that it was an army or band of mounted horsemen, and as they approached us, we found they were Indians bearing down on us. We, of course, thought they were hostile, as they seemed to be coming directly towards us. We halted, formed our wagons and teams into a sort of fort, got out all of our firearms, and prepared for an attack. But greatly to our satisfaction, they crossed our road about three hundred feet ahead of us, never ever casting a glance at us as far as we could perceive. There were about 150 of the mounted warriors, going at the full speed of their horses, and they kept up this gait as far as we could see them. Evidently they were not after us. We were only nine men and one woman. Against that number of well-mounted warriors, we could not have long held our ground.

At "Salmon" or "American Falls" of Snake river, we got our first taste of salmon. We bought a fine large one from an Indian. It was a great treat and made a fine feast for us. I doubt not but it was a regular Chinook, or Columbia River salmon, such as we now get from Astoria, but not nearly so delicate and tasty. They must lose much of their fat from the great labor of swimming so many hundreds of miles up stream, and in scaling so many rapids, as they have to do in ascending these rivers. There

were a large number of Indians at this point fishing and drying fish for winter. The fish were caught by means of spears and nets while attempting to scale the falls. The river falls here 20 or 30 feet, I should think, and is a beautiful fall. A railroad crosses the river now just at the fall. At that time it would have taken a very sanguine or credulous person to believe that a railroad would ever be built here, or even on the route of the "Oregon Short Line." I may say here that at the time I arrived in Oregon and for several years after, I did not believe that I would ever live long enough to see a railroad built in Oregon or even to any point on the Pacific Coast. The distance was so great, the obstacles to overcome so many and so immense, the population of this coast so small, and so much of the country between the coast and the settled states was so barren and unproductive, that it did not seem possible that a railroad could be made to pay there for ages, if ever. But how little could I foresee of this wonderful growth and development of this marvelous country.

The night we camped at "Salmon Falls" being my turn, with Zahnheiser to stand guard, he and I drove our stock back into a small valley 2 1/2 or 3 miles from camp, to where the feed was pretty good; there we stood guard all night and watched them. In the night a gang of hungry wolves came and serenaded us with their howlings, yelpings, and barkings, making a pandemonium of our quiet little valley. It was a bright moonlit night, and we could see them plainly. They repeatedly advanced upon us as if to make an attack, but as we flourished our guns at them, they would retreat. I felt pretty lonesome that night so far away from the road and all assistance, surrounded by a band of hungry wolves, and in the midst of an Indian country, and so near to large numbers of them. We kept wide awake all that night and had our guns ready for use at all times. Soon after daylight that

morning, two of our men came out and relieved us, and we went to camp for our breakfasts.

THE STOLEN SALMON

That day at our noon encampment we had a great excitement. Two whitemen, "tramps," undertook to take a salmon from an Indian without paying the Indian for his fish. He resisted the robbers, and one of them struck him with his fist. The Indian ran a short distance then turned and fired a shot at his assailants, at the same time gave "the war whoop." The shot missed its mark and the tramp escaped a just punishment. This happened within two hundred yards of our camp. We knew there were 250 or 300 Indians encamped on the other side of the small creek not a mile away. The tramps were so much frightened that they took refuge in a train encamped near us, but the people of the train, knowing the circumstances of the trouble, refused them protection, and drove them away, and so were they treated by all of those in sight. We expected war at once, and all of the trains in sight joined together for protection and defense. The wagons were formed in a circle; alarms were gotten ready, expecting to see the Indians advance upon us, but as they made no demonstrations, we drove on as far as we could that night before camping, and that night kept on a double guard.

FAITHFUL OLD TYLER

All along the Snake River we found feed very scarce for our stock and they were getting quite thin and weak. Many people had to throw away every pound of stuff they could spare to lighten their loads. On Bear River we left four large trunks and packed our clothing in sacks. Some were obliged to cut their wagons in two and form a two-wheeled cart, and a few had to abandon their wagons and depend upon the more fortunate ones for their support and

transportation. Many women and children were compelled to walk all day through the scorching sun and blinding alkali dust. We lost three out of ten head of oxen. Two of them died from drinking alkali water and the third became so foot-sore that he could not keep up. I shall always remember the faithful old Tyler, as we called him. His feet gave out, and we had to leave him on the road never expecting to see him again. It was my week to cook. That night after dark, I was finishing up the camp work, when I heard the breathing of an ox at the tent door. Upon looking out I saw poor, old Tyler standing by our wagon. He had limped along until he found us encamped and came directly to our wagon. I was so much touched at seeing the poor lame creature, dragging himself after us until way in the night, without food or water, and finding our camp, seek out his own wagon which he had toiled for three weary months to help drag along, that it was almost impossible to keep back my tears. I gave him all the bread I cooked for breakfast, and then he laid down beside the wagon. Next day he tried to keep up with us, but could not, and we had to leave the dear old faithful Tyler. He did more than his share of work while he was able and stood by us until the last. There was great suffering on this part of the road; many were pretty short of food, and nearly all had to walk. The weather was very hot and the dust stifling. It contained so much alkali that it almost ruined my face. My lips cracked, and my hands even did the same. Being so long in this alkali dust caused the greater part of my hair to fall off. Besides all these troubles and hardships, there was much sickness. The cholera still stayed with us, and there was not a day that we did not see one or more new graves. I estimated that not less than 800 persons died on the road that season. I did not begin to count the graves from the first of the journey but I took an average of the

number we passed each day.

We found a number of hot springs along the Snake River. Some of them contained water almost boiling hot. We washed our clothes at one of these springs and found it much better than cold water to wash in. About the time we reached the place where the town of Huntington now stands, our provisions were found to be getting pretty short, and we concluded that it would better to let two of our boys go on ahead to the settlements. Jerry Welch and Zahnheizer were anxious to go, so we fitted them out with what we could spare, and they started that morning, bright and early. Jerry had a horse. They could travel more than twice as far in a day than our faded teams. They left but three of us to cook, drive, and do night's guard duty. We were now in the land of jackrabbits, and I occasionally shot one with my double-barreled gun, and they were a great treat.

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW

The Burnt River country was very barren, and desolate, but when we reached the Powder River valley, we found there the grass which our almost starved cattle needed so much. We spent a day there in as pretty a natural meadow as I ever saw. We crossed quite a high range of hills between the Powder River and the Grande Ronde. It was a delightful view from the summit, overlooking the Grand Ronde valley. Here we found Jerry Welch had pushed on for the "valley." We remained a day at the place where the city of La Grande now stands. Jerry was so ill that we had to make a bed in the wagon for him. We had to haul him up the steep grades of the Blue Mountains. In about four days he was able to ride on horseback. The road through the Blue Mountains was through a timbered region which was delightful to us, as we had traveled two thousand miles through an almost tractless country. When we emerged from this timber, at the top of the

western slope of the Blue Mountains, we beheld the most magnificent view that I had ever seen and that picture still glows in my memory like a living image: the long, brown prairie foothills of the mountains gracefully sloping far down to the river, traced by lines of living green, where brooklets wend their way; the Umatilla River, like a verdant fringe to the boundless prairie that stretched out hundreds of miles away, wound its zig-zag way along the foothills as far as eye could see. The boundless prairie, dotted with countless numbers of Indian horses, spread out to the south, to the north, and west, until it touched the sky. The great valley of the "Lordly Columbia" could be traced for hundreds of miles bearing down towards the sea. And there away down on the western horizon lay a faint line of blue, the great Cascade Range, with Hood's hoary head welcoming us on to the land of promise. This sight gave us new courage. It took us several hours to reach the foot of the mountains and there we camped for a day, very near where the city of Pendleton now stands. Here we met a few Oregonians who had come out to meet friends or to trade with the immigrant. They had driven out beeves to sell to us. We got our first fresh beef here, at 25 cents per pound. After resting a day, we moved on west over the high rolling country that lies between the Blue Mountains and the Cascade Range. We kept along about parallel with the Columbia River, but several miles south of it. We had to make many long drives on this road without water, and the dust was almost unbearable. There was plenty of dry bunch grass for the stock. But the long dusty drives without a sufficient quantity of water made it very hard for the poor old oxen. I hailed with delight the first glimpse of the Columbia River at, or near, the mouth of the Deschutes

River. The Deschutes was a bad river to ford; the water was deep and current swift, and the bottom covered with large boulders. When we reached The Dalles of the Columbia, I could not see the river from the road, and went to look where it was. I could see from the shape of the country that it must be there, or it must have sank into the earth; but I found it. At the place where The Dalles City now stands we found a small tent store, belonging to Alex McKinley of Oregon City. They had brought up a small lot of provisions to sell to the immigrants. We bought 50 lbs. of flour for \$16.00, a peck of potatoes for \$3.00, and a quart bottle of poor molasses for \$1.00, and a few pounds of meat at 25 cents per pound. We had been on beans straight for three days, and were glad to get something to eat at any price. I asked the old Scotchman Allen, of whom we bought these things, how long he had been in Oregon; he turned round and pointed towards Mount Hood, saying, "Do you see that mountain?" "Yes," I said-- "Well, when I came here that was a small hole in the ground." But I afterward learned that this was not original with him, but a quotation from the famous old hunter, trapper, and general humbug, Joe Meek. These people kept their little store in a tent. We found here a small military post and a few United States soldiers. We were now so near the settlements, that we considered that all danger from Indians was over and passed. I can now see that we had just passed through many perils, although at the time, I did not think so.

THE BARLOW ROAD

We remained at The Dalles one day then drove south to the Barlow Road across the Cascade Mountains. The first night out, we camped in a deep canyon and that night I first heard the

fierce scream of an Oregon cougar. It was the wildest, loudest, fiercest scream I had ever heard. "The Barlow Road" across the mountains did not deserve the name of a road; it was hardly passable. The trees had been cut down, but the stumps were left so high that wagons could only possibly pass over them, and the grades too steep that it was almost impossible to get up or down them, yet we were taxed \$5.00 for each wagon and 25 cents per head for stock to pass over this "Barlow Road." I think we reached the summit of the mountains at noon the 11th day of September and here we camped until next morning to let our teams rest and feed. There was a small partly cleared spot of a few acres called "Summit Prairie." This is about 3 1/2 or 4 miles south of the base of Mount Hood, and in plain view of the grand old mountain. There was an abundance of a coarse wild grass there, and we cut a lot of it, and put it into the wagon to feed the oxen during our passage through the heavy timber. But when we came to give it to them, they would not touch it. We found afterwards that it was "soap grass" that nothing can eat. The next night after passing the summit, we camped in the woods and our cattle fed on whortleberry browse, and the bushes being literally loaded with ripe whortleberries of the large blue variety, their mouths and tongues were stained black with the juice of the berries. That day, we descended the famous "Laurel Hill," the longest hill and steepest grade that I ever attempted to pass with a team. Our oxen were so weak, that it was all they could do to get us through the mountains; but on the evening of the 6th day, we got through the mountains. On the 15th day of September, the 134th day from the day we started, we reached Philip Foster's, the first house we saw in Oregon. Here we camped three days and allowed our faithful, jaded cattle to rest. Dear old fellows, their strength, endurance, and faithful

patience, brought us safely through this long, tedious, and dangerous journey. I will honor their memory, and cherish their faithfulness. ♦

Preston Wilson Gillette was born June 2, 1825 in Lawrence County, Ohio, the son of Horatio Nelson Gillette. He arrived in Oregon on September 15, 1852 and settled on his donation land claim in the Lewis and Clark valley south of Astoria on March 1, 1853. He was described on the 1860 census as a horticulturalist, and noted proudly in his diary that many of the ornamental shrubs and fruit trees found on the west coast originated on his farm later owned by the Reith family. He began a diary in 1861 that is unexcelled as a source of information about life in Clatsop County at that time. He served as a state representative from Clatsop County in the 1860's working to urge the Oregon and Washington legislatures to pass a law to encourage and protect a steam-tug pilot boat on the Columbia River. After receiving the patent to his donation land claim, he sold out and moved to Portland. He was married on August 11, 1888 to Mary McCabe and died on January 21, 1905.

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Clatsop's Past



Courtesy of John and Helen Acton

THE ARLINGTON HOTEL

Remember the Arlington Hotel that used to stand on the northeast corner of 11th and Franklin? The location is now a parking lot for the Methodist Church. The Arlington was also known as the Cole, the Weston Hotel, the Irving Club and the Tyghe Hotel. This 1939 photo was taken by John M. Acton and shows Helen Acton pushing the baby buggy. Can anyone identify the cars?

SAM KARRELL

Charles Haddix's article on the Georgiana in the last issue brought back pleasant memories for John and Helen Acton. John Acton is a retired Astoria Public Works Official and the son of a former police chief for Astoria. This couple recently donated to CCHS the diaries of Sam Karrell, a homesteader in the Olney area and a Columbia River fisherman. The diaries, in Finnish and "Finglish," begin in 1896 and continue two decades. The Actons also provided a complete translation in English, a

work that must have taken some years to accomplish. We hope to print excerpts from the diaries in a future *Cumtux*.

WALLUSKI SCHOOL PHOTO IDENTIFIED

The children in the school photo accompanying Jean McKinney's article on page 40 of the last issue of *Cumtux* have been identified. They are: The back row: Teacher Bernice Ward, Bill Kenwisher, Eleanor Hauke, Alice Carlson and Petra Rasmussen. 4th row: Emma Kenwisher, Ted Henningsen (face half hidden), Herman Labiske (hunched over). 3rd row: Wally Osgood (little dark-haired boy), Annie Carlson, Hilda Ulrich, Albert Palmer, John Ulrich. 2nd row: Lydia Parhaniemi, Evelyn Carlson (down low with her finger on her chin), Ellen Palmer (dark hair), Chrissy Rasmussen, Julia Crump (down low), Eloise Burbe, Otto Kenwisher, Carl Kenwisher. 1st row: Sylvia Parhaniemi, Andy Young, Palmer Henningsen, Bobby Crump.



CCHS #6755-904/905

VIEW UP 14TH STREET IN ASTORIA CA. 1890's

The Columbia River ebbed and flowed along 14th Street up to the hill as seen in this photo taken from a point near present-day 13th and Duane. The pilings in the foreground once supported Ferdinand Ferrell's sawmill from the 1840's until it burned down in 1883. At left is the house believed to have been built by the Ferrell's in the 1870's on the southeast corner of 14th and Exchange. The house to its right has been replaced by KMUN's parking lot. Next right is the Frances Stevens Warren house built in 1877 on the corner of 14th and Franklin. Next is a house built in 1880, on the west side of the street between Exchange and Franklin. Behind and to the right are low buildings which have disappeared. Above is the 1869 Charles Stevens house on the northwest corner of 14th and Franklin. The Dickenson house next to it dates to the 1880's. Further right is the oldest house in Astoria, the Hiram Brown house, built in 1854 in Upper Astoria and moved here in 1862.

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